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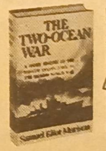

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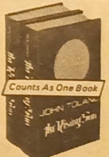

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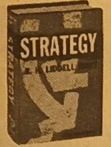

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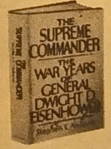

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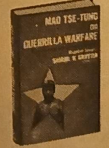

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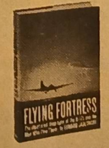

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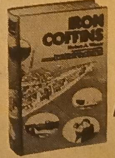

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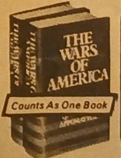

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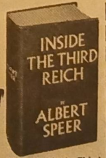

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By HAMILTON WIGLE

BEGINS on PAGE 8!

FALL, 1972 VOL. 9, NO. 1 WHOLE NO. 33

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Near Ashland, Oregon—Mt. McLoughlin in background

A good town to grow up in . . .
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OLD WEST is published quarterly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 50c per copy; $2.00 for 4 issues, $3.50 for 8 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico; $3.00 for 4 issues, $4.50 for 8 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1972 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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The OLD WEST Comes To Life

Hosstail Note: Probably nobody in his right mind would do this—but whoever said I had a "right mind"? I am running this editorial on Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES in all three of our Western Americana magazines because you can't imagine how many people miss it when any message or advertisement is run in only one magazine. Whether we have that many extra newsstand readers or whatever the heck it is—nevertheless it's true. So, if you have read this already, it would sure help if you passed it along to a friend and hold your hawg-laig on the scalawag and make him or her read it. Thanks!

THIS just might be the most important little article I have ever written—the message, I mean, not the quality of writing!

I have some magazines spread out before me that cause little electric thrills to run up my spine. These bound copies of the old FRONTIER TIMES, published by J. Marvin Hunter, are dramatic testimony to a man's life dream. What blood, sweat, tears, hope and WORK must have gone into them! The first issue is dated October 1923 and the last, December 1954. The magazine was published monthly until the very last when age and poor health caused him to turn it over to a lesser light.

Hunter told me that I was the only man in the country that he would trust to carry on with his lifetime ideals of publishing a magazine dedicated to reporting old-time events exactly the way they happened. Whether this has been done or not is completely open to debate! All I can say is I have tried to keep the promise I made to him.

J. Marvin Hunter was one of the finest men I have ever met. He was located in Bandera, Texas when Fred Gipson and I visited him. The story had gotten out that Hunter had an old-time wooden barrel full of newspaper clippings and when he got ready to put out an edition of FRONTIER TIMES he reached in the barrel, pulled out a handful of clippings and started setting type! We saw the barrel, all right. It was about two-thirds full of *very* old newspaper clippings. But the story, as most rumors are, had to be false. He used actual first-hand accounts of old-timers; he printed books and serialized them in his magazine (or vice-versa); and he was an energetic firebrand as a whole in preserving a history that is becoming increasingly hard to believe by our modern-day generation.

Former president of the American Historical Association, Walter Prescott Webb, told me that if I ever had trouble with my three Western Americana magazines it would be because people in this atomic age simply would not be able to *comprehend* a life such as we had in the comparatively brief span of what we call the *Old* West. He told me also in these very words, "There is a gold mine of information and pure history in these old issues of FRONTIER TIMES!"

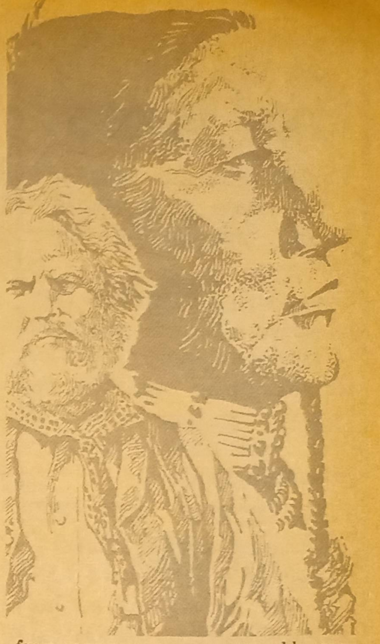
It was strange to me that within a six-months period, J. Frank Dobie and Fred Gipson told me the same thing in almost the same words! Each statement had "gold mine" in it with reference to the magazine's unmatchable material.

IN addition to valuable history, these old issues flat keep you on the edge of your chair! Coming from the reporter's pen (who most times was there on the scene) was what actually happened before his eyes—at least the way he saw it. It proves conclusively that documentary old-time stories do not necessarily have to be dull. When you mention this to Hollywood, or the movie and TV industry as a whole, they can't believe it—"documentary" is synonymous with "dull" to them. If they would only take time to read some of these old issues and some of the hair-raising *true* accounts, it would make some of their sensational fiction look a bit silly!

I just can't refrain from giving you a partial contents list of Vol. 1, No. 2 that will be coming to you soon (if you subscribe, of course!). This is on the outside cover of the November 1923 issue of FRONTIER TIMES: (*Ben Dragoo's Race for Life; Texas Rangers Were First To Use Six-Shooters; The Lone Star Flag of Texas; Indian Raids in West Texas; Reunion of a Pioneer Family at Ballinger; Shot With a Poisoned Arrow; Hunting Buffalo on the Little Wichita; Texas and Nacogdoches of Unknown Origin; Horrible Massacre Described by a Survivor; Trail of Blood Along the Texas Border; A Survivor of the Mier Expedition; J. C. Bryant Has Had Eventful Career; Bloody Career of Billy the Kid; Reconstruction Days in San Antonio; A Plea for County Historical Societies; Killing of Lieutenant Carter.*)

Don't confuse the above with the issue we want you to start out with—Volume 1, Number 1, which is advertised on the inside back cover. And for gosh sakes read that WHOLE PAGE!

WE are publishing these old issues *exactly as they were.* They are facsimile copies with *nothing* changed. Sometimes Hunter would leave an inside cover, or both, blank so we'll print a little message on them concerning anything confusing that might arise. For instance, if the articles were taken



from newspaper accounts, old manuscripts, etc. that were written WHEN IT HAPPENED, you wouldn't expect the authors to be alive. Also, we are leaving the advertisements as they were. Many of them are absolutely fascinating but please don't write for something that was advertised then at $4.95 which today would cost about $50.00! Some people will—we know! And remember that addresses given are nearly fifty years old!

We are hoping to accomplish a number of things in reprinting these old issues. They are reproduced on better paper and should last forever. We hope to help people fill out their collections, start new collections and especially do we hope to bring back the "feel" of the times. Every library in the country should have a collection of these magazines—but how are we going to let them know? As usual, we have got to depend on you to tell people, show your copies to libraries, and help in any way possible.

You just can't read this magazine without getting excited, whether you are a professor, white-collar worker, muskrat trapper, or—well, I think if you are breathing and care anything whatsoever about our past, you're a candidate for goose pimples!

Again, READ THAT ANNOUNCEMENT ON THE INSIDE BACK COVER!—Hosstail.

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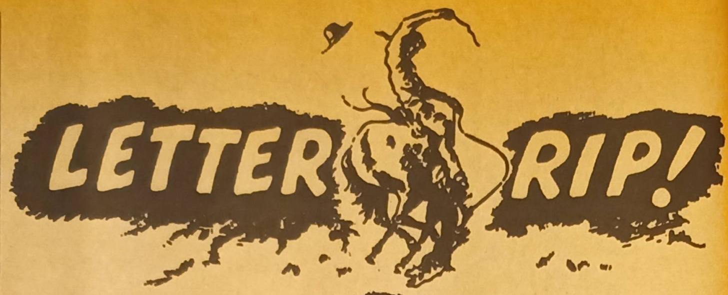

LETTER RIP!

Millard Story

In the Winter 1971 issue of OLD WEST, to my surprise I saw the book bonus was about my great-uncle F. S. Millard. My father's name was F. S. Millard also; he was named after his uncle. My father worked for F. S. Millard as a small boy, running cattle. We were all born in Georgetown, Texas. My grandfather was Henry Millard and old Uncle H. B. Millard was F. S. and Henry's uncle—and my father's great-uncle, and my great-great-uncle. I have sat on Uncle Frederick Sipe Millard's knee many, many times. He and his family lived in New Mexico. He would come to visit us almost every summer in Georgetown. I know quite a bit of his life and family, as I was born July 29, 1901 and Uncle F. S. Millard was born July 12, 1863.

In the picture of the five unidentified men on horses—the first one on the left is my father, when he was a young man. I have a picture of my father on horseback and it is identical to the one of him with the five men.

Herman Koehler is mentioned in the story. He has a son named Herman Millard in Deming, New Mexico; also a son named Joe after Joe Johnson of California. There are several other children scattered around in other places that I know of. I would very much like to have the book on F. S. Millard's life. I used to nurse all over Austin, Texas—it's "home, sweet home" to me. In fact, all the places mentioned in "A Cowpuncher of the Pecos" are very familiar to me. I was also a cowgirl—rode horses, helped Father dehorn cattle, worm and brand them. I know all about it. My grandfather, Henry Millard, was an oil and water driller and didn't like cattle.—Mrs. Clara (Millard) Zeuge, 312 North Palouse Avenue, Walla Walla, Washington 99362

Buffaloes and Wolves

I used to read the old fiction westerns, but find the true West portrayed in your publications much more interesting. Nostalgia is called the sickness of the old—or is it pleasure?

It is said the American bisons were the most numerous game animals and we once had an estimated 60 to 70 million of them. Why were they nearly all killed? Did their slaughter mean progress? I was on roundup with my father about 1906. Woke up one morning when it was cold and the sun was not yet up. I could smell the coffee and there was a cold breeze after breakfast. We set off but had not gone far when we saw four buffaloes, the only wild ones I ever saw. Buffalo bones were thick on the prairie, skulls were nailed to buildings, and many ranch homes had a skull over the door. We picked up many beads from ant hills. I wonder if it is still possible?

Wolves—their howl would send chills up one's back in the night. They are nearly all gone. I saw my last one about 1916 when I was working for Big Frank Hamlick north of the Yellowstone River. A government trapper—Tex something or other—had caught some pups and had them in the barn. Old mama wolf tried to do something for them and we saw her across a draw from the house. Frank took a shot at her but missed.

Then in the twenties I and another fellow were deer hunting west of Powder River and we saw a cow that the wolves had hamstrung. Her hind legs stuck straight out back and she had tried to drag herself along, but the wolves had made a meal of her without having gone to the trouble to kill her. There were many horses that were bitten by wolves also.

Thanks again for the memories.—V. H. Witcher, 5351 Hutchinson Rd., Sebastapol, California 95472

Scotty's Partner

I'm hoping you might be able to help. About a year ago in April or May, I received a letter from a gentleman asking me if I knew of an article on A. M. Johnson, Death Valley Scotty's partner. He had read a letter of mine which appeared in your magazine and thought I might be familiar with this particular story.

I wrote him explaining that I recalled the article but at present was tied up in a local project and would look it up when time permitted. Well, I searched and searched and finally gave up, but now, at this late date, I've found it, I believe. Only now I can't find his letter to recall his name or where he lived. I assumed from his letter that he is a regular reader of yours and I thought if you would be so kind as to print this, the gentleman possibly would see it.

The article was in OLD WEST, Fall 1965, titled "$200,000 Cache" by Leon C. Palmer, on page 19. I hope this is the one he was wanting, as my eyeballs are bruised and I'm plumb tuckered out from looking through all these now raggedy rags. I hope he will see this and find the information he was seeking.—Mrs. C. R. Leschke, Box 103, Lower Lake, California 95457

(Continued on page 54)

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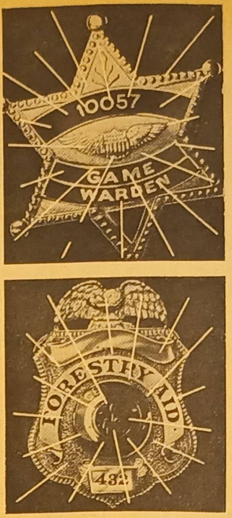

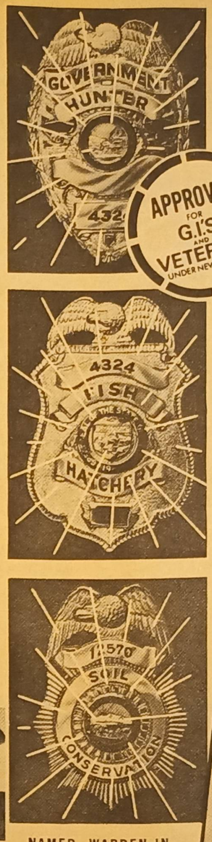

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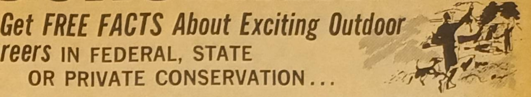

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County Ranger
Forest Officer
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Inspector

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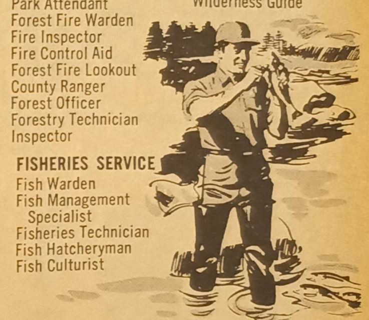

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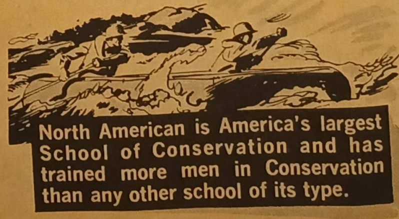

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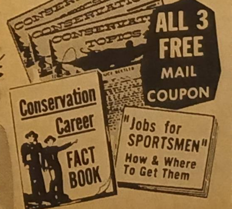
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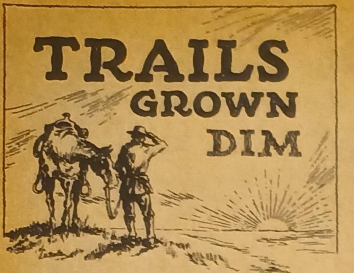

TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Snowden

I am writing you in regard to a great-uncle, Levi Snowden. He was born about 1838 and was living with his parents in 1850 in Lauderdale County, Mississippi, Beat 3. He was in the Civil War and migrated to Texas not long after. I believe he settled in the Coleman, Brownwood, San Angelo area. He could have located in the Georgetown, Texas area. He moved to Oklahoma in the late 1800s or early 1900s. He was the son of James and Margaret Snowden. His brothers and sisters were: James, William, Joseph, Enoch, Daniel Marion, Mary E., Sarah, Gracy, and Lucy E.

After he moved his family to Oklahoma all communication with him and members of his family was lost. Would appreciate any information.—Scott Ethridge, 7224 Ellis Road, Fort Worth, Texas 76112

Hartzog

Anyone having information about my brother, Fairley Hartzog, born August 1895, please write.—Mrs. Carrie Lou Stewart, Payson, Arizona 85541

Drummond

Would like to hear from Bruce Drummond's children. In the spring of 1925 I was working for Bruce at Indio, California. The Twenty Mule Team Borax Company at Death Valley, California wanted him to take charge of some experimental farming, and plant dates at their Furnace Creek Ranch. I went with him and we were out there in 1925 and 1926.—Bill Johnson, 1940 State Street, San Bernardino, California 92405

Burch

Charles, Increase, and Sherwood Burch were all steamboat men, an 1860 census giving their post office as Sabine Pass, Texas. Two of their ships were *Sabine* and *Pearl River*. I believe they had two sisters, Jane and Nancy Atwood Burch. Would appreciate hearing from anyone knowing the history of these three brothers and their ships. I am most interested in finding the name of their father, who may have been born in New York. Their sister Nancy married an Osborne. Will appreciate any information on them.—Mrs. Lloyd M. Campbell, 6281 McCommas Boulevard, Dallas, Texas 75214

Moore

Mr. and Mrs. Moore (first name and initals unknown) migrated from Morristown, Tennessee to Palestine, Arkansas. Their children were Anna Mae, Charles B., Parilee, Roxie, and William Moore. I believe Anna Mae may have been born in 1889. I have no birth dates on the rest of the children and they are all deceased now.

There may have been one or two more children. I would appreciate any information on Mr. and Mrs. Moore and these children.—Mrs. Anna Belle Ezell, 702 Texas Avenue, Houston, Texas 77002

Lindsey

I am trying to locate a dear friend of mine, Louise Lindsey. She is supposed to have a sister in Seminole, Oklahoma. She also lived in Fort Worth, Texas about 1943 on Maddox Street. She married a Bill Brock in Fresno, California and then moved to Bakersfield, California where her father and brother lived. I would appreciate any information about her.—Sallie N. Pfeifer, Box 116, Hubert, Oklahoma 74441

Baldwin-Meade-Kimbell

I would like the help of your readers in locating information about Charles Baldwin (1803-1893), a full blooded Mohawk Indian, supposedly the son of a chief. Baldwin lived in or around Owego, New York in Tioga County. He was married to Sara Meade, of Irish descent, and had eighteen children. One of these, Ellen Miranda, was my husband's great-grandmother. If anyone knows Baldwin's Indian name or his father's name or anything about his life, I would really appreciate hearing from you.

I would also like information about Sara Meade or her children. The history of another ancestor would be appreciated as well. William Teeter Kimbell and his wife, Emma Augusta Fox (Foxx?) came from northern Pennsylvania but lived for a while in Elmira, New York, where their graves are located. They had four children: Laura, Charles, Leland and Floren. Charles was my husband's grandfather. William T. Kimbell died in 1942 around the age of seventy.—E. Kimbell, 2259 Kipling Avenue, Apt. 1A, Rexdale, Ontario, Canada

Curry, Alaska

I would like to hear from anyone that worked at the Curry Hotel, Curry, Alaska in 1946. Am especially interested in a Sue or Susan and her husband (last name unknown). She was a waitress and schoolteacher and was from Butte, Montana. I believe she was to teach school in Alaska in 1946. Her husband was an engineer for the railroad between Anchorage and Fairbanks and I believe he was from Pennsylvania.—W. H. H. Farley, Route 1, Box 204, Beckley, West Virginia 25801

Mann

I would appreciate any information concerning my great-uncle, George H. Mann, or his descendants. He was born July 2, 1874 in New Haven, Connecticut and was the son of George H. Mann and Alphonsine Mausette Mann. His father was killed in a railroad accident shortly before his birth. After George was born, he and his mother supposedly went West to start a new life, but were never heard from again. For years their disappearance has been a family mystery.—Grace Pierce, 1010 Normandy Drive, Bakersfield, California 93306

Garris

Can anyone help me find out about Forice Garris, born in Wilkes County, North Carolina about 1823. His parents were William Garris and Keziah Mitchell. The last known record of him was November 27, 1847 when he signed a deed in Hancock County, Indiana for his brother-in-law Solomon Jackson and wife Patience Garris (his sister).

This 1860 Tipton County, Indiana census, Wildcat Twp., should read Forice, I think, rather than Forest: Forest Garris, thirty-seven, farmer, born North Carolina; Emaline, thirty, Delaware; Wm. H., eleven, Indiana; Mary K., eight, Indiana; Theodore, six, Indiana; Uriah, three, Indiana; Maria E., nine months, Indiana. These children's names strongly indicate they were the family of Forice.

I've been given a record of a Joseph Garris who died in Texas in 1888. Further search reveals his family: wife Mary S. Moore; children—Forice or Forest, who died in Indiana December 16, 1918; Alma Irene, who married a McKeown and died in 1962; Floyd Joseph, born July 22, 1883 and died in Marklesville, Indiana November 22, 1954; and William Arthur Sr., born January 13, 1885 and died in Anderson, Indiana July 15, 1936. Joseph had a brother Uriah, whose daughter Lulu married an Ault.

There is an 1880 Fannin County, Texas census listing Theodore T. Garris and wife Mary, both twenty-seven years old, with a daughter Almer, one year old. Theodore's age here compares exactly with the Indiana census. The Force I am searching for had a brother Uriah. They had a sister Sarah who died by 1840; sister Patience married Solomon Jackson; Forice and Uriah came next, then Henry, William and Wiley, still living in 1840 Indiana census, but died not long after. I believe Joseph was a younger child of the Indiana census Forest (Forice).

Volume 6, page 228 of the Fannin County, Texas Deed Book has a deed record to J. T. Garris, conveying forty acres B. F. Cooke Survey, which is five miles southeast of Bonham, date November 15, 1879.

In volume 16, page 362, J. T. Garris sells to J. L. Watson the same land, date December 2, 1882.

Force has been lost to the family for

(Continued on page 66)

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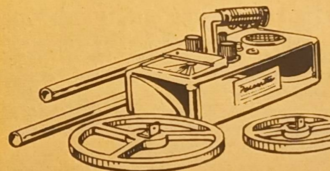

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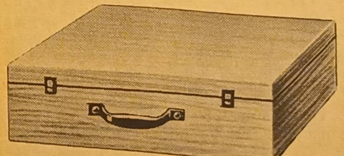

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THE LIFE STORY OF FINLAY BOOTH

BY REVEREND HAMILTON WIGLE
SUBMITED BY C. N. HOWIE

PART I

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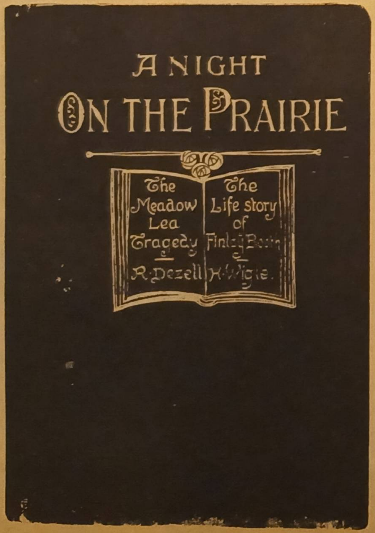


A NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE

The Meadow Lea Tragedy R. Dezell

The Life story of Finlay Booth H. Wigle

INTRODUCTION

This was not a work of literary effort. We claim no merit for anything in the way of book-writing in this sketch. This is neither a treatise, nor a discourse, nor a thesis; it is simply a story of actual experience with the sad features inseparable from suffering and loss.

Nearly all the data of the book have been received from the lips of the subject of the work himself, and we have grouped and arranged these as you find them within.

Our first acquaintance with the subject of this tale goes back to about four years ago, and when our eyes first beheld him a wave of sympathy swept in upon us which has taken a crystallized form in this work.

From a sympathetic motive the suggestion was made that the story of his life should be presented in book form. The thought lodged in his mind, and he finally came with the request to undertake the task. Consent was given with great reluctance, as pastoral duties demanded all time and energy at our disposal.

We sincerely hope that the reader may get some inspiration from these pages in looking at the indomitable perseverance and noble independence of this man, while under the most heartrending and discouraging circumstances. Many men not one-half as badly maimed would be in the poorhouse. If this man can surmount such obstacles, why should anyone lack courage in the world's great battle?

Winnipeg, May, 1900

FINLAY BOOTH'S parents came from Leitrim, Ireland, in the year 1845, and settled on a farm near the town of Waterloo, Shefford County, Province of Quebec. From there, in the year 1849, they moved to Wallace in the County of Perth, Province of Ontario, where they remained till the year 1861.

About that time a relative from Rhode Island came to visit the Booths, and persuaded them to leave Ontario and go over and take employment in the American cotton factories. The venture was made with the hope of securing better wages, thus providing a surer means of supporting the large family. Hills far away looked green, and things at home looked blue, but "fortune did not favor the brave" that time, for the Civil War had broken out and all the large factories had shut down. Fortunately, they still held their land in Perth, Ontario and, after an experiment of six years in the States, they had returned to their old Canadian home.

Finlay was born on the 24th of June, 1853 . . . nature's month of jubilee when old Ontario is at her best, when earth and sky celebrate their wedding day. There was no prophetic hint that those round limbs and that plump face would be so wrenched and torn. Indeed, it seems incredible that there can be forces in the earth, such as at one moment can be engaged in carving and shaping such delicate features, and at another could be engaged in tearing up that finely constructed work in a most ruthless manner.

The home, like many others in those parts at that day, did not roll in wealth and luxury. They endured all the privations common to early settlers. In those pioneer days the red deer could be seen in dozens. The wolves made night hideous by their hungry howlings, and had to be kept from the houses and barns by burning log heaps and smudges.

When going to and fro among the neighbors at night the traveler found it necessary to carry burning cedar splinters to keep the wolves away.

Finlay's father cut the first road into the township, and roofed his first log shanty with elm bark. The nearest town was twelve miles distant, and when a new consignment of flour was needed, the mother would thresh out the sheaves of wheat over the head of a barrel, clean it by the aid of the wind, and carry it on her back to get it ground, and then convey the flour back again—a distance of twenty-four miles.

In that same part of the country the young housekeepers are said to carry nothing heavier than a milk-pail in these days, and in order to remove the stiffness from their fingers caused by crocheting, they meander over the ivory keys of a piano two hours a day. What a change!

During harvest time the father used to go down near Brantford and Galt, the better parts, and cut crops with his cradle to earn a little extra cash to furnish the larder at home.

The forests were so dense and unbroken that the settlers would often lose their way, and when any homecomer was thus overdue they would begin to blow long tin horns, which they had for dinner-calling.

The Booth family consisted of the parents and seven children—four girls and three boys. The father's name was Thomas, and the mother's name was Mary Banon.

Jane, the eldest child, was born in Ireland, and when the family moved to Rhode Island she, of course, went with the others, but remained there after the rest returned to Ontario. From there she moved west to St. Paul in the year 1887, and died in that city in the year 1897. The other six children were born in Canada.

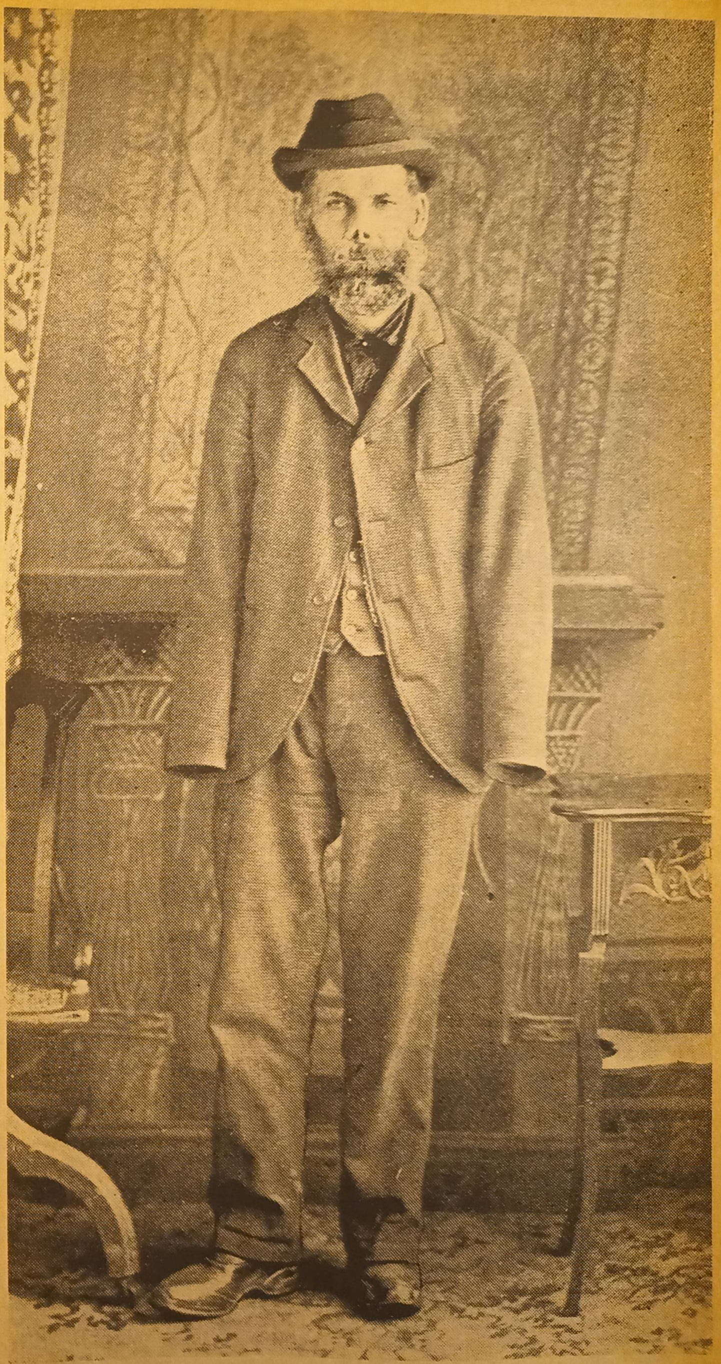
Mary Ann, the second daughter, and the only surviving one, married W. C. Cowan, a farmer, near Carman, Manitoba. Mrs. Cowan is a woman of high repute, and has a family of which she has great reason to be proud.

Eliza, the third daughter, married William Waugh, and came west and settled at Boisse-vain, Manitoba, where she died in July 1879. Payton, the next child and eldest son, came west with the family to Manitoba, but soon after went south to St. Paul, where he died in March, 1890.

Finlay, the next in order, is the subject of our sketch, whose career we will give a little later.

Johnston, the third son, separated from the rest of the family at Black River Falls, Wisconsin, when they were on their return to Bruce County, Ontario, and married. In 1881 he pulled up stakes again and retracing his steps, came west and settled near Carman, Manitoba, where he is farming at the present time.

John, the youngest boy, came out when



FINLAY BOOTH

the family moved west, and at the time of Finlay's accident was in the employ of Dr. Schultz of Winnipeg. Their sister Eliza was also in the employ of Dr. Schultz. John then followed the family to the Boyne River, where they had settled, and remained at home till his mother died. He then found his way back to Winnipeg, and for many years was the head shipper in Westbrook's implement firm. He is now engaged with James Robertson, wholesale hardware merchant, Winnipeg.

Martha, the youngest of the family, married John Sargent, who was night-watchman at the river crossing. They also moved out to the Boyne settlement, where she died in October 1894.

FINLAY had grown to be quite a young man before he left Ontario, and had performed a noble part in hewing out the new home. Many forest giants had yielded to the strength of those hands which have long since crumbled to dust.

When the first military expedition was sent to the North-West, an old neighbor, W—— C——, who enlisted from the Military School and took part in the Rebellion of 1870, sent back such glowing accounts of the country that the Booths were induced to try the "West."

The farm and loose property were disposed of, and the start was made on June 5, 1871. All land trips were then made across the states, and the only routes open were by all land, or steamer to Milwaukee and the rest by land. A tenting wagon was improvised, and crossing at Sarnia they took the water route to Milwaukee, from whence they drove to Winnipeg. It took them fifty-two days to cover the distance from Perth County to Fort Garry.

Settlements were very sparse in Minnesota, and Grand Forks was a mere hamlet of less than a dozen houses. Winnipeg, he says, did not possess more than one thousand population, and the only hotel of importance was the Davis House. Finlay was eighteen years of age when he reached Winnipeg, and in the fall of the same year the family removed to the Boyne settlement and took up land four miles from where the town of Carman now stands.

Finlay was already a steady and dutiful boy. At the age of sixteen he joined the British-American Order of Good Templars and lived up to his pledges. His parents taught him one of the first principles of life—industry—and he has faithfully practiced it ever since. He was not long in Winnipeg till he secured work in the brickyard of Dr. Schultz. In a very short time, Finlay claims, he gained the acquaintance of the majority of the people in the city.

In the fall of the year Finlay's parents secured land for settlement, and prepared to leave the city for the new prairie home. Among the necessary requirements of the early settler none perhaps superseded the cow. The Booths left the city on November 27, 1871 and, while the others drove along in the wagon, Finlay led the cow.

The first evening they got as far as Headingly, where they spent the night at the home of Richard Salter. The following night they camped out at Stinking River, and the next morning started for the Boyne settlement.

THE FARTHER [an area is] from water the more difficult it is to predict weather probabilities. Among the initial causes of atmospheric changes is the enormous evaporation from the sea, and consequently the more remote a district is from the sea the less distinct are the storm symptoms. Our most violent storms on the prairie are often the most sudden ones.

This is not the case on the ocean or shoreland. The seaman will see the greedy gull skimming low and dipping at every wave to gather a double feed, anticipating the storm. The sharks increase in number and fierceness; the sea-fish spring out of the water at every speck floating on the waves. In the rigging the winds growl and whine as they rush up the masts and creep through the lazy, flapping canvas. The captain sees the floating pennant on the topmast, smells the electric air, and hears the slap of the sluggish wave against the side of the ship. The tars lounge lifelessly about the decks, while the wheelsman, with aching arms, tugs at the helm. The mate looks at the glass and says: "Aha! Cap, she's a-brewin'."

On the shorelands, too, Nature has run up her storm signals. The farmer sees the swallow skimming the ground to catch the hiding fly. The dove sits by the hour upon the brush heap repeating her mournful notes like a human tale of woe. The blackbird hops about the plough-boy's feet to pick the upturned grub. The sleepless owl screams all night, and the watch-dog growls and barks as if the land were full of tramps. The housewife tires at her work, while the fretful infant in the crib refuses to be rocked to sleep. The cattle call to each other across the moor, and instinctively wander about for places of shelter. The leg-weary farmer leans against the fence corner cleaning his plough, and can hear his neighbor shouting at his stupid team; and, rubbing his hot brow with his sleeve, he mutters to himself, "This means a storm, I guess."

Out upon the prairie the settler cannot conjure up so many portents of the weather. He hears no voice from the sea, nor can he feel any shore breezes. He has very little opportunity of consulting the birds; they leave us too soon to be of service long. The wild animals do not venture far upon the plains; the hollow atmosphere does not seem to be in correspondence with any of Nature's prophets and, when the last sheaves have been gathered and the flocks are in the corrals, the prairie seems to be "no man's land."

The early frosts discolor every vestige of vegetation until the eye looks every way upon a vast domain of brown grass or yellow stubble fields. Then the clouds, as if grieved at the heartless desolation of the frost, cover the plain with a carpet of mealy snow. But Nature has things pretty much her own way, and does not think it necessary to make any definite announcement of her movements.

The unchained winds of the North have held sway so long over these uninhabited regions that they have not learned the courtesies of modern civilization, and give no notice or warning of their terrible bombardment.

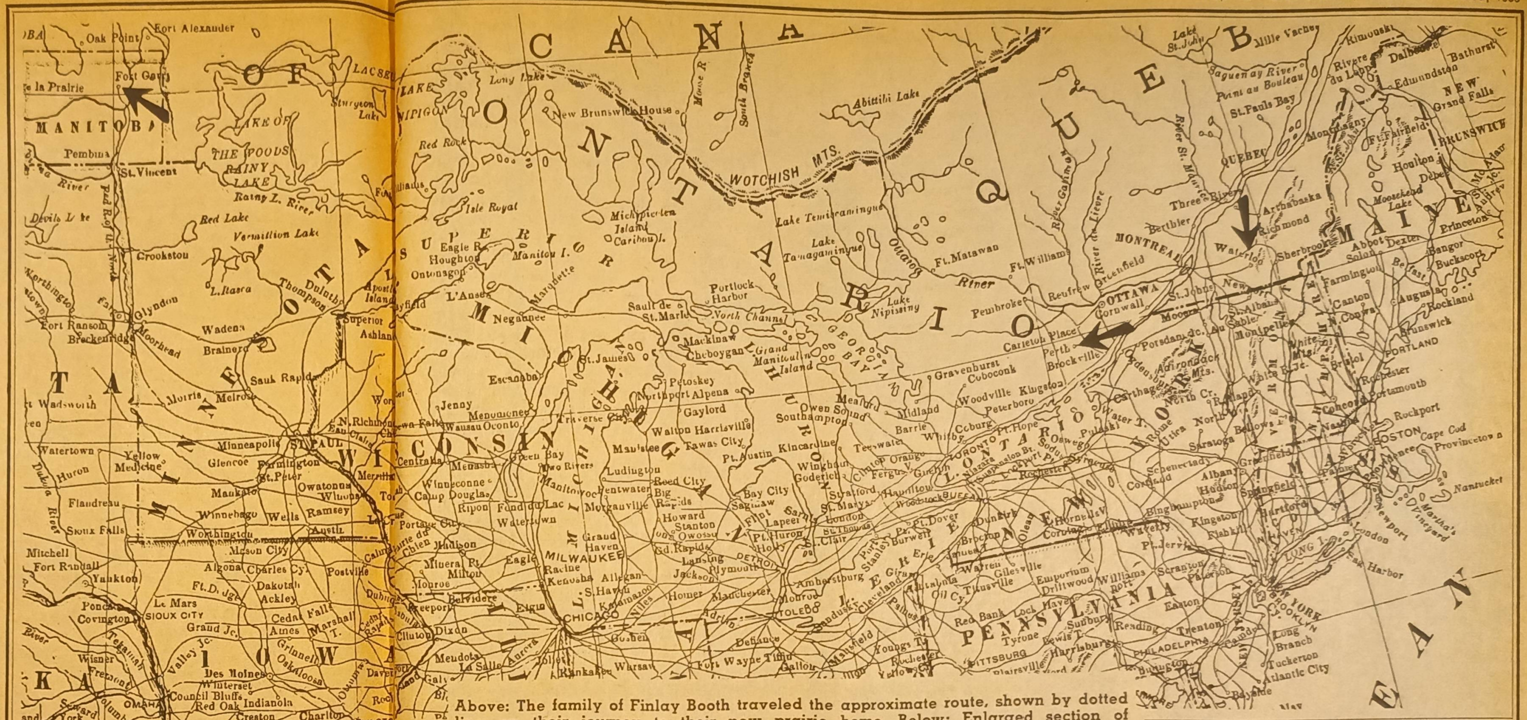
A blizzard is one of the most unexpected things in the West. It is one of the finest exhibitions of irony that the elements can produce. Up to a few hours before it bursts upon us, it often seems to be the thing that is the most remote. A blizzard does not need the cold, the black cloud, the thunder peal, the lightning flash. It is like a bombshell; it has all the elements of execution bound up in itself. The day may break unusually warm and bright, and although winter has been with us a month or more, you would think Father Time had gone back to September for a day he had missed.

But see! Look at that thick haze creeping stealthily over the sun, and that chill wave blowing up that every settler learns to dread! The children run in the house, while the mother runs out, concerned perhaps about some missing one. She had been in the country long enough to guess the problem. About this time can be seen a long grey streak of cloud far away on the horizon, but moving forward, and rising every moment higher into the hazy heavens. The cattle are all sniffing the air and crowding and hooking each other about the stacks, as restless as if a prairie fire was sweeping down upon them. In haste the corral bars are put up, the stock put in the stable, and a supply of water and wood taken into the house.

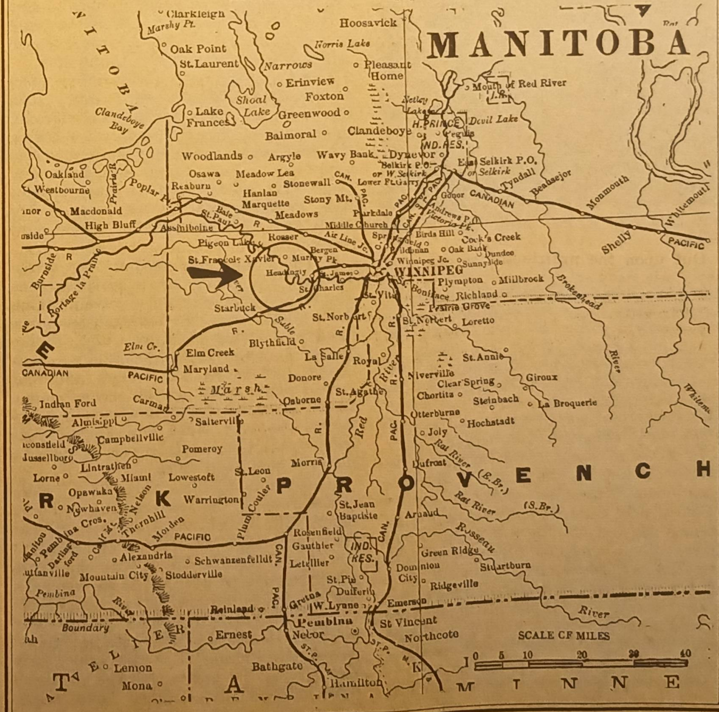
By this time there are fine specks of snow sifting through the air, and in about twenty minutes every track, road, and trail are so obliterated that the belated traveler realizes the first shock of horror in not being able to "keep the trail." When the clouds have deposited about an inch of snow the winds seem jealous, and begin to pick it up from the earth and mix it with the clouds again. Every flake of snow is ground up like pulverized dust, and whirled through the air at a terrible speed; every foot of space seems to be the centre of a whirlwind; the elements are in an awful confusion. The trusty team will no longer obey the homeward instinct, but yields to the sterner law and, turning from the whirling blast, will wander away with the storm. The farmer, bewildered by the circling currents of air, unconsciously becomes a part of the storm and goes round and round, at the same time wandering away in the general direction of the gale.

When a blizzard is at its height, even in mid-day it is as dark as dusk, and so terrible is the howling, chilling blast that it is a miracle for a man or beast to live long in it or find a place of shelter, even at noonday. The eyes become filled with the gritty snow—fairly driven like sand into the very eyeballs—and half the time is spent gasping for breath; for though the air is plentiful, the very moment you open your mouth for it the wind snatches it all away, and takes out of the lungs every thimbleful it can find there. In this wild tornado every snow-speck seems to possess a fang to sting with, and the wrenchings of the tempest overhead give out such weird screams

Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888



Above: The family of Finlay Booth traveled the approximate route, shown by dotted line, on their journey to their new prairie home. Below: Enlarged section of Manitoba (from upper left of map above) showing Fort Garry, a 52-day journey from Perth, Ontario. Encircled area is where Finlay was overcome by the cold, not far from Headingly, Manitoba.

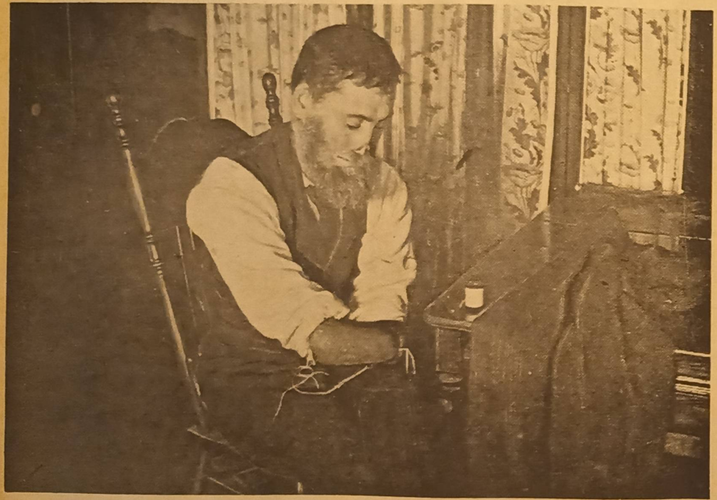


that you imagine the air above you is filled with fiends.

No man standing on a burning deck where the licking flames climb the masts was ever in more imminent danger of death than the man upon the prairie when the volcanic eruptions of the atmosphere play havoc over the land. There is more than one humble home on these wide prairies where the husband or son or father did not reach home during the night, while the sad story is told, "They perished in the storm."

THAT memorable day, November 29, broke most beautifully upon the Western plains. We do love beautiful November mornings here, when the sun seems to shine through a silver sheen of crisp frosty air, when every vestige of vegetation is numb with cold, and the whole domain is flooded with light.

There is a fullness of light by day and night in these clear skies, the like of which we have not witnessed in any other part of Canada.



Finlay shown with his method of threading a needle, one of the many tedious tasks he taught himself while overcoming his handicap.

As the day advanced it became suddenly colder; in fact, a storm was rapidly brewing and the travelers found it necessary to push on with greater speed.

Finlay, feeling the sudden chill, ate a cold lunch hastily and started on without any rest, leaving the others quite a distance behind. When the party overtook Finlay he had reached what was called the "Potato Swamp" on the old Missouri Trail. His brother Payton offered to exchange places with him here, but the offer was declined on the ground that he was then too hot to get in the wagon and ride, and would be safer in walking on with his quadruped companion.

It should be noted here that Payton, who had a single rig when he offered his brother a ride, was a little in advance of the wagon, he having pushed on with the intention of going ahead to prepare the house for the whole party. After Payton drove off, the rear-guard of the party caught up to Finlay, and the father was astonished to see him still walking.

Here we record the simple yet misguided act that resulted in the awful tragedy of this boy's life. The father saw the exhausted condition of his son, and, with none but the kindliest and tenderest motives, insisted that he should take a drink of the liquor they had brought with them. The father had never used it to excess, and he persuaded the lad that it could do him no harm, but was what he most needed at that moment. . . . Let us shorten the story here and simply say: Finlay took it.

The father lived to see the awful folly of his act, and with tears and heartaches he learned the dreadful lesson. The case before us is just another proof of the fact that stimulants do not take the place of either food or clothing.

AFTER Finlay had taken that fatal draught he traveled on until he came to a small bunch of willows. In this country there is no forest of any importance except along the river banks; but in some districts there are spots of shrubbery at distances ranging from ten to twenty miles apart. These bluffs, as they are called, often consist of about half an acre of scrubby growth, ranging from ten to twenty feet in height.

In times of storm these furnish valuable protection to man or beast. In these very bushes is the place where the prairie chicken hides from its pursuer, and takes refuge in time of blizzards; and if the storm should continue for several days the bird can subsist well from the buds on the branches. How our common foes make all earth's creatures one! Here poor Finlay led his cow, and man and beast and bird lay down together in a common shelter.

Not being accustomed to stimulants, he began to feel stupid; and with Nature's demand for food and rest, there was not energy enough left to keep back the only alternative—sleep. Had he not been under the influence of the drug, he would have been conscious of the awful danger in going to sleep, and could have at least warded off some of the terrible disaster that befell him that night.

Poor Booth! The cold crept in about him, but his senses were chloroformed. No voice was then able to awaken him. There was no hand to stay the cold, and that subtle monster moved slowly but irresistibly upon the victim and began his woeful work. He pushed back the warm blood from the finger tips; he drove the blood from the tired feet up into the body, and sealed up the gates from the arteries to the veins, so that no more—forever—the life blood should flow through those members; and he determined the time when those deadened limbs should fall off like sapless branches from a tree.

Not content with this, the King of Cold, like a panther, put his paw upon the face of its victim, and, in the vain attempt to drive out the life, distorted the features, and left those ghastly marks—marks that he will carry to the grave.

When Finlay did not turn up in camp at about the expected time, all hands became very uneasy. Notwithstanding the storm, they determined to form a rescue party and search for him. They had already anticipated his being lost or having perished. As they groped their way along at almost every step they called his name. Finlay says he heard them and answered; but, unfortunately, sound cannot travel in such storms any farther than the vision, and they never heard him. It is also quite probable he was too weak to reply very vigorously. He even attempted to follow them, but found it impossible.

There is a sadness about every page of this story, for at nearly every turn we can see where so much suffering could have been saved if only something else had happened; if only those men had happened to have found him then they could have given relief so much sooner. How many heartaches we have in life on account of the unfulfilled "might have beens"!

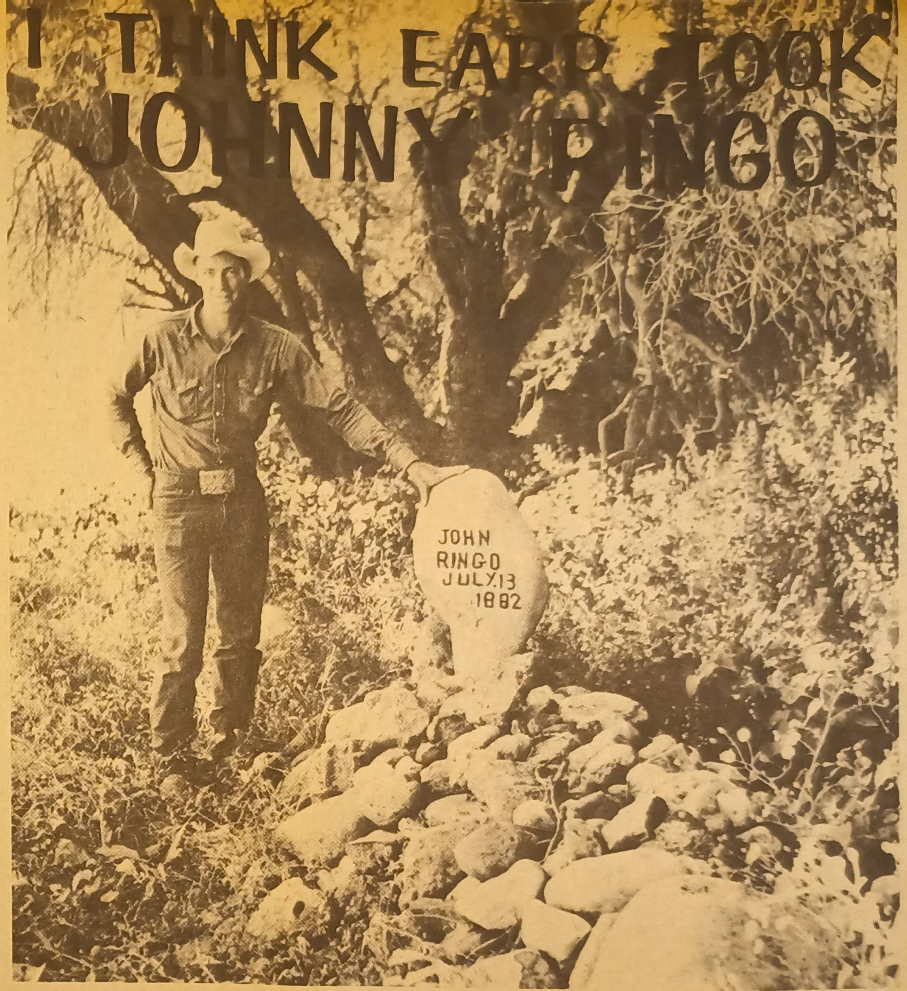
When Finlay was sufficiently awakened to take in the whole situation, the party, of course, was out of reach, having followed the river close enough to escape danger of losing their way also. Finlay began at once to investigate his condition, and found his fingers and toes were frozen as far as the second joints. Previous to his lying down he had removed his wet socks and gloves, thus leaving his limbs very much exposed in his cold boots and mitts.

About midnight the storm broke. Here is the irony of the heavens! A few hours before all the elements seemed at war with each other—the stars were angry at the clouds, and the clouds with the earth. After the mighty battle of these elements, all quieted down as before and everything was much the same, except here and there a few men or beasts lay strewn as helpless victims of the carnage where the fury of the battle was the fiercest.

What apparent mockery! Those angry

(Continued on page 48)

I THINK EARP TOOK JOHNNY RINGO



The argument goes on . . .

Johnny Ringo lies buried beneath this mound of rocks at Turkey Creek in the Chiricahua Mountains. Russell Sanders stands beside the grave. Ringo was found at the base of the many-limbed oak tree in the background, a bullet wound in his head. Will Sanders, on whose ranch the grave is located, took a boulder from the nearby creek and chiseled and painted in Ringo's name and the date of his death so as to give the grave a headstone.

BY ROBERT L. THOMAS

Photo Courtesy Author

JULY 13, 1882 was the last day on earth for Johnny Ringo. But Ringo wasn't thinking of death at the moment. The feared gunman was stretched out beneath a mesquite tree in a hazy and golden daze. It was warm, sunny. On the side of the hill tall grass was yellow and dry from the spring drought. In a few days summer rainstorms would turn the surrounding Arizona mountains green.

From time to time Ringo would raise a bottle of whiskey to his lips, take a long pull and then lie back to roll the strong liquor around in his mouth before swallowing it. He had loosened his gun belt and taken off his boots. Down below, his horse was searching out tender and still unburned bits of grass.

Then, through his alcoholic lethargy, Ringo suddenly heard the sounds of approaching hoofbeats. They were quite close—in the dry wash at the base of the hill. Fully alert, Ringo rose up, his six-gun in hand. As he sat up in the tall grass, he saw—and was seen.

For Ringo the liquor must have turned into a cold, tight knot in his stomach. He recognized the leader of the men as his mortal enemy, Wyatt Earp, a man who had sworn to kill him. For Wyatt the sight of Ringo meant the end of an intensive week-long search of the Sulphur Springs Valley.

Wyatt's men, riding the lonely ridges and asking careful questions in Galeyville, Charleston and Tombstone, had received a tip that Ringo was heading back to his hangout in the outlaw town of Galeyville.

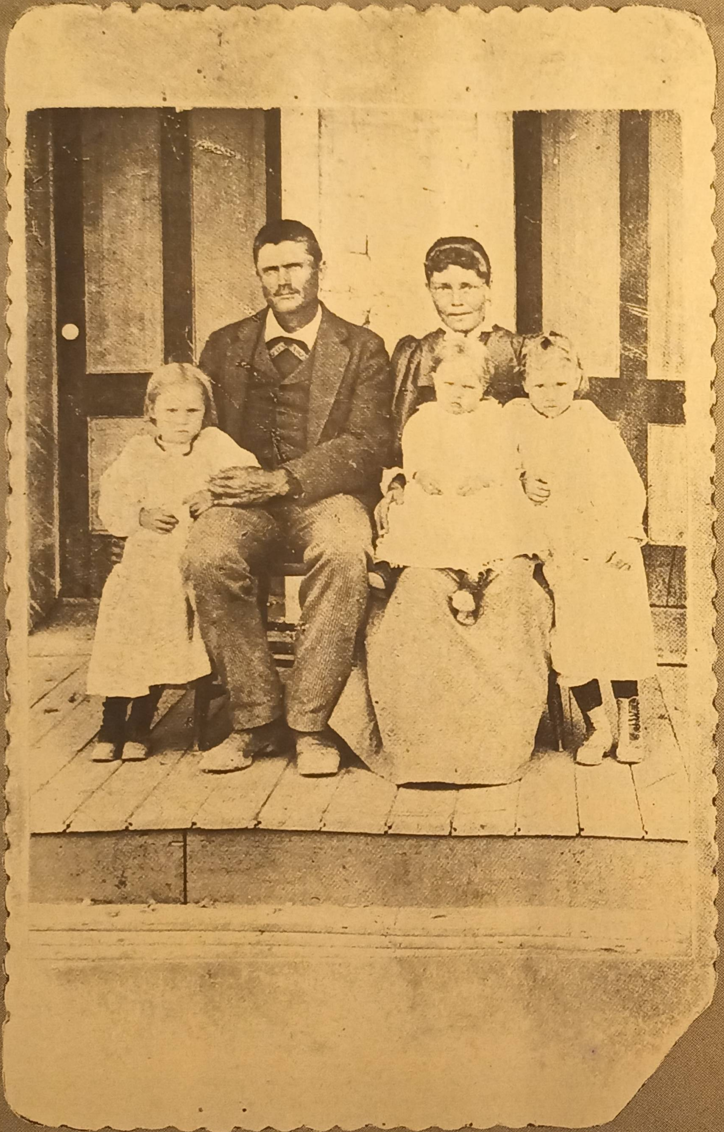
And Ringo, unaccountably nervous, was hitting the bottle. He had been half

(Continued on page 52)

Sanders of Turkey Creek

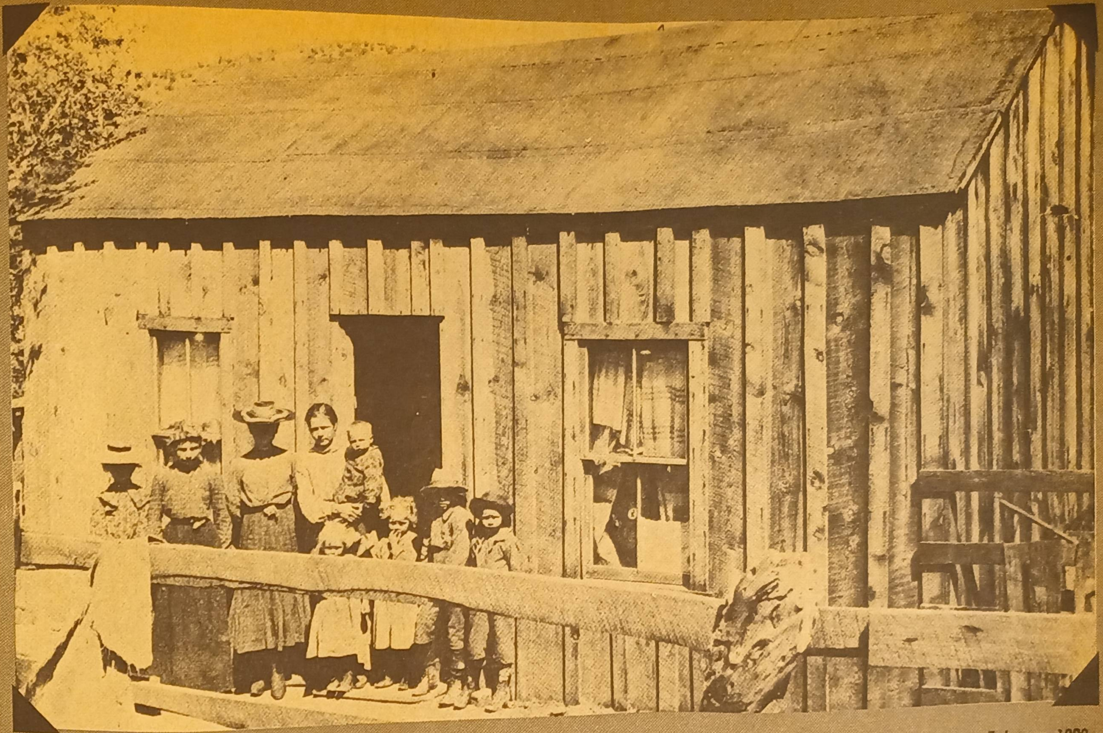
BY J. BELLER

Photos Courtesy Author



Bill Sanders family, Turkey Creek, Arizona, 1896. Left to right: Bill, Effie, Pauline, Sybil and Eva.

He managed to survive in a country where you didn't dare turn your back to anything—climate, terrain, red man or white. They were all out to get you!



Above: The Sanders family, Paradise, Arizona, 1903. Left to right: Sybil, Pauline, Eva, Effie (holding Henry), Alice, Rose, Will and Ray. Left: The Sanders home ranch, Turkey Creek, Arizona, 1906.

ECHOING from the past is the snap of a bullwhacker's whip and the booming roar of a Winchester. These are the sounds of a people that were; now they are only spectres in the world of modern man.

Their sagas, burnt onto the pages of time, are relived by many who each year visit the remote Sanders ranch on West Turkey Creek, Arizona. On this property is found the grave of gunman John Ringo. More important, the old spread was a setting for frontier history never fully recorded.

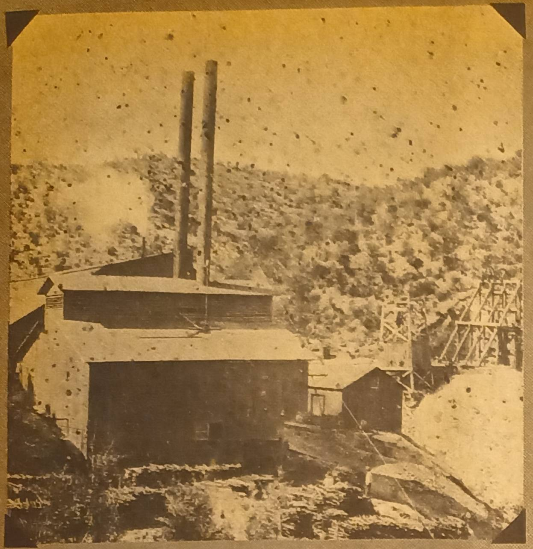
Arizona has probably produced more than its share of interesting and exciting tales, a great many of which have centered around the southeastern part of the state in Cochise County. Much has been written about the controversial Earps, the Clantons, Curly Bill, and John Ringo. However, there are others who warrant greater notice in Arizona history than they have received. These are the scouts, freighters, muleskinners, and general citizens of the time.

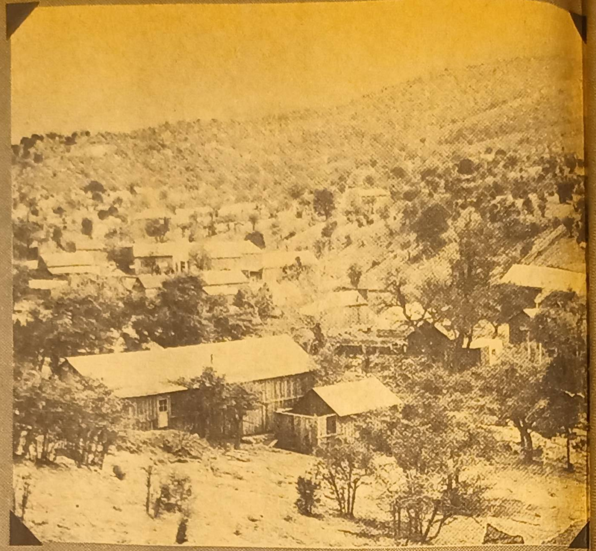
Depredations by Apache Indians under the great Cochise added greatly to the setbacks and discomfort of people who had settled in a land owned solely by the Southwest tribes.

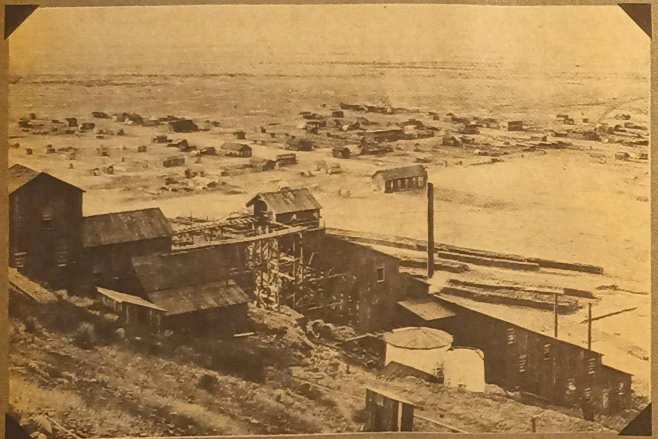
Outlawry was always on the rampage. Ranchers suffered serious financial losses at the hands of marauding rustlers. Stolen beef was driven to Mexico and sold in the ever-ready markets below the border.

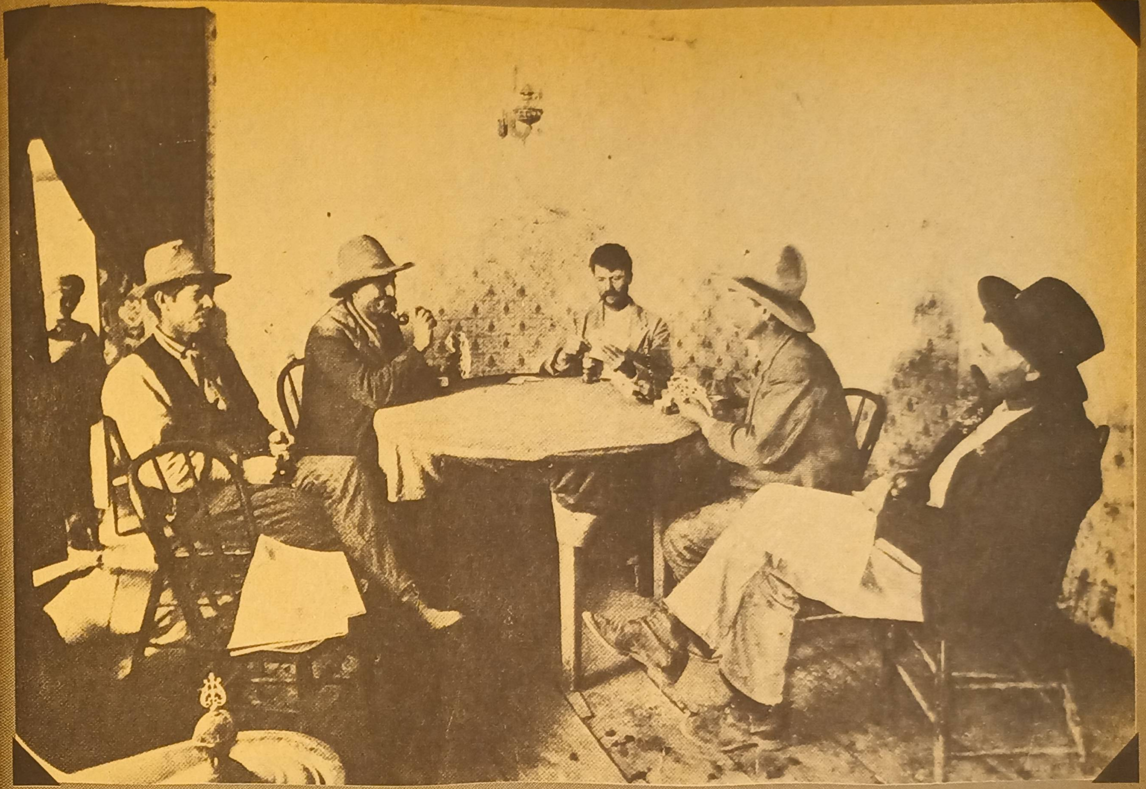
Many ranchers gave up rather than face sure and constant failure, but in Turkey Creek Canyon, on the western slope of the Chiricahua Mountains, was a man determined not to fail. Despair and discouragement had already driven him to the point of no return. Settling in the Canyon, under the watchful eyes of the Apaches in their eastern stronghold, was William (Bill) Sanders.

Bill, the son of a freighter and farmer









Above: Paradise, Arizona, 1903. Top left: Stamp mill at Paradise, Arizona, 1900. Middle left: Pierce, Arizona, 1900. Lower left: Railroad Depot, Courtland, Arizona, 1907. Opposite page: Bill Sanders (center) with Joe Young on his right; rest of the men are unknown. In a Paradise, Arizona saloon, 1903.

in Des Moines, Iowa, was born March 22, 1866. He was the youngest of five children. Minnie was the eldest, followed by Dick, Frank, and Burt. While farming in Iowa, the family experienced numerous financial disappointments. Their efforts were thwarted by the drought plaguing Iowa and the midwestern states at that time.

Following the death of his wife, John W. Sanders decided to take his family farther west. Spring wagons were loaded with household goods; motive power was supplied by two spans of mules. Meagerly rationed, Sanders and his children followed trails blazed by earlier pioneers. Young Bill was then in his early teens.

Due to adverse weather conditions, sickness was a common event, but the children's ebbing spirits were boosted by the jovial father. Camp meat was supplied by the boys whenever an occasional deer or prairie hen was sighted. Many Indian war parties were seen, but fortunately none chose to attack.

Weeks later the trail-weary family arrived in East Texas, where they learned that no government land was available to them. Sanders and his sons hired out whenever the opportunity of work presented itself—horseshoeing, branding, or riding fence. But a longing for their own land possessed them; when news of homesteading in Kansas reached them, they again moved on.

In Kansas the family claimed a section of land near Wichita, and set about clearing and plowing the homestead. The house was a typical soddy, with hand-cut pieces of sod stacked to form the walls and partitions.

The next few years went well for Sanders. Minnie and the three older boys married and settled on homesteads of their own. But tales of the big silver strikes in the Tombstone hills attracted the adventurous spirit of the father and young Bill. Giving their share of Kansas soil to Frank, they turned their hopes to Southern Arizona.

ARRIVING at Tombstone in 1880, they found the town bursting with an ever increasing number of miners, saloon-keepers, gamblers, and prostitutes. On the dusty streets could be seen bull teams pulling large ore wagons on their journey to Charleston and Contention. The cursing of the skinners and unrestrained laughter from inside the saloons were the music of the camp. From the riches in the depths of the "Lucky Cuss," "The Goodenough," "The Contention," "The Oregon" and many other claims, this little town of Goose Flats would become immortal.

Shoot-outs and street fights were commonplace. Tombstone's appetite seemed to be only whetted by the proverbial "man for breakfast." Many of the small claims were forcibly annexed by the large and powerful corporations. Some of the small mine owners depleted their entire savings in court costs, fighting the syndicated holdings.

Seeing the futility in competing against such odds, the Sanders turned their attention to another product—one which was in ever increasing demand. These were the trees used to make the square-cut timbers, the supports for the underground shafts and stopes.

This supply of timber existed in the Chiricahuas, fifty miles to the east. Leaving Tombstone, the Sanders rode to these mountains to stake a 160-acre government claim. Here, father and son began the milling and freighting business that was to make them so well known and respected.

Through the twelve- to sixteen-hour days the canyons resounded with the cry of "Timber!" Blades of the steam-powered sawmills, fired by waste, sang their screaming song. Fallen trees were hand-hewn with twelve-inch-wide axes. The squared timbers were loaded in wagons pulled by six horses, then hauled past the Soldier Holes, Sulphur Valley, and over the south pass of the towering Dragoons to the distant mines.

Prosperity had finally smiled on John Sanders. Tent camps were set up in the various canyons; Turkey Creek, Morse, and Long John Canyons were but three of the many timber sources. Through the years of toughening work, Bill attained maturity. At the age of twenty he was six feet tall and weighed 190 pounds.

Saturday nights were a time for revelry, with square dances especially favored. Ladies in their best homespun dresses were escorted to the halls on the arms of burly husbands or beaus. Fiddlers sent their squealing renditions of "The Devil's Dream" and other popular tunes sawing through the starry nights. Over the sounds of clomping shoes and rustling calico, the voice of the caller directed the dancers. Early morning hours witnessed many of the ladies nursing painful and swollen toes—victims of heavy-booted partners.

Even after peace was reached with Cochise, woodcutters were still in danger of attack by the renegade Geronimo. Not agreeing with the terms of truce, Geronimo broke with Cochise, formed his own band and continued with a ruthless harassment of the settlers. Mute, nameless graves, still found in the canyons, are evidence of the hostility that existed.

However, not all encounters with the Indians ended in bloodletting. Some even contained a spark of humor. One such tale was related by young Bill. While cutting timber in Morse Canyon, Bill's father had hired a local man to act as guard. He was to be on the alert for Indians, while perching near the top of a tall tree. About one mile from camp, fifteen of the dark-skinned riders were

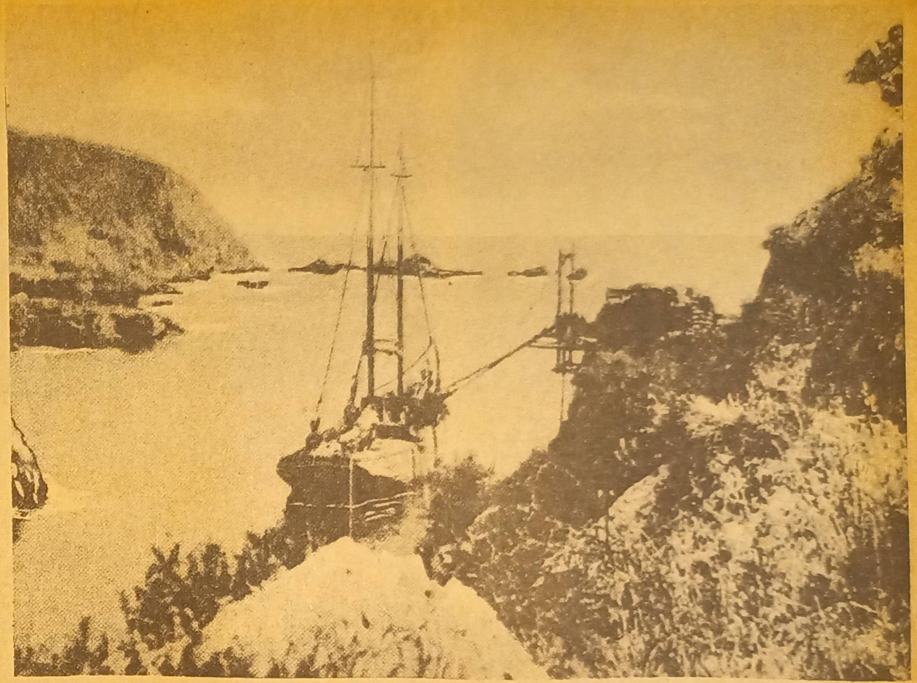
(Continued on page 42)

SECRET COVES AND LOST WORLDS

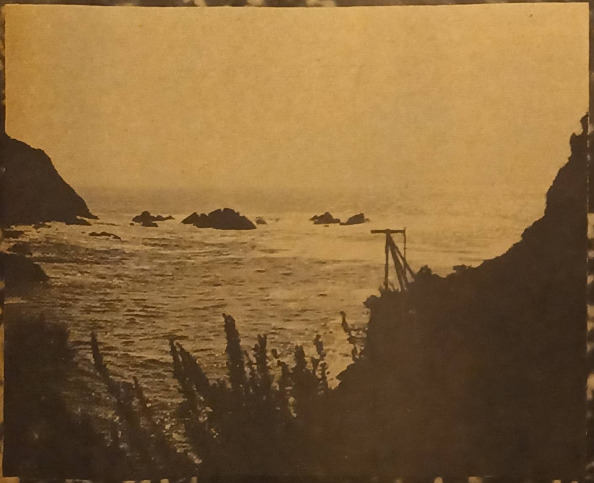
BY RANDALL A. REINSTEDT

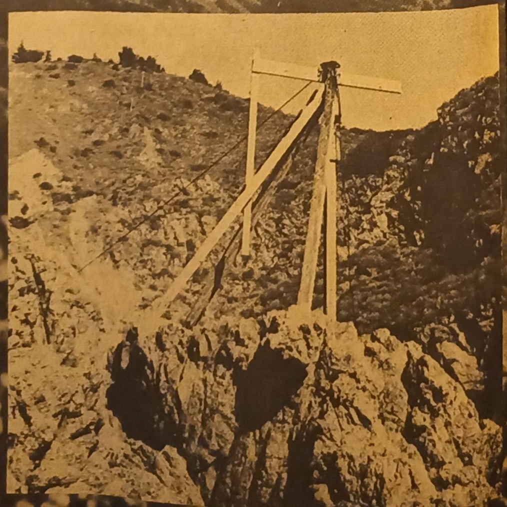
Photos Courtesy Author

Above: South Fork of Little Sur River not far from Uncle Al's cabin. Below left: Partington Cove silhouette taken from same area as 1906 postcard. Below right: Remains of tanbark loading platform, Partington Cove. Opposite page, lower left: Mouth of natural underground cave and remains of tanbark loading platform (far left) at Partington Cove. Top right: 1906 postcard showing the *Costanza* loading tanbark at mouth of Partington Cove. Background on both pages: Pico Blanco Mountain, showing Santa Lucia foothills.



For treasure hunter or archaeologist, there is much to explore in the land of "elephants with long shaggy hair" and "cats with long sharp teeth"!

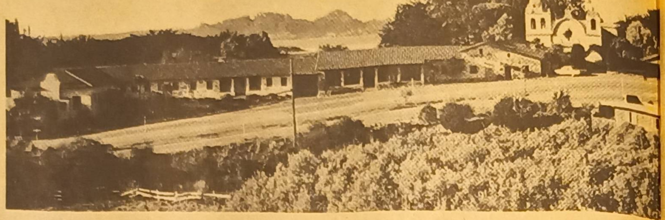


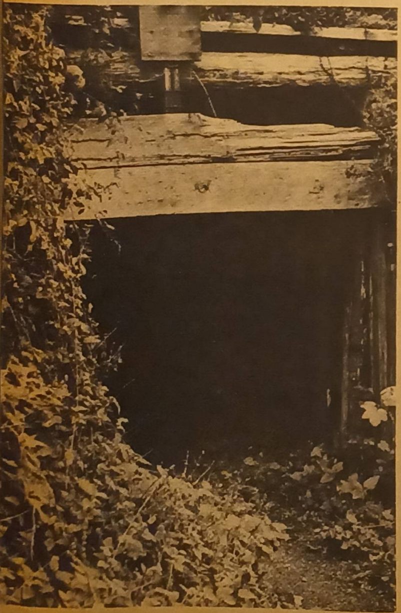


THE BIG SUR country of California, long famous for its scenic beauty and eccentric inhabitants, also harbors lost gold and silver mines, one of the southernmost stands of California's awe-inspiring redwoods, numerous legends of secret coves and pirate tunnels, and probably strangest of all—a hidden world of underground caverns, containing such things as albino fish, much worn Indian mortars, and prehistoric paintings of huge shaggy elephants and strange cat-like creatures with long sharp teeth.

Unless you have driven California's scenic Highway One and hiked through the wilderness of Big Sur's Santa Lucia Mountains, it is difficult to imagine how one small area could contain such a magnitude of treasures and natural wonders.

Perched high above the restless Pacific, while enjoying the comforts of the hot mineral springs that flow from the cliffside, the Esalen Indians of the Big Sur area must have also marveled at na-





Lower left: North entrance to 125-foot hand-made tunnel, Partington Canyon. Middle left: Looking through the tunnel, north to south. Top left: Distant view of the tunnel's south entrance. Top right: Carmel Mission, 25 miles north of Little Sur River.

ture and thanked their favorite god for giving them such a land—abundant in freshwater streams, acorn-bearing oak trees, convenient inlets for the collecting of sea-food—and, maybe most important of all, a mild climate the year around.

A few short miles from Big Sur Hot Springs, where Partington Ridge drops into the Pacific, lies one of the most secluded natural harbors of the California coast. With an inlet only large enough for one vessel, blocked from a sea view by menacing rocks, and inaccessible by land because of jutting cliffs, this mysterious cove is connected to a sloping canyon and winding trail into the distant Santa Lucias by a 125′ hand-carved tunnel. It is truly a privateer's paradise.

Old-timers tell numerous stories about this natural inlet and its rock tunnel. A favorite tale links it to an early California ship captain who had turned to smuggling. With the passing of the Chinese Exclusion Bill in 1882, a limited number of Pacific sea captains gained great profit from the transporting and sale of their unlawful human cargo.

It would have been difficult to find a more suitable cove for such a risky business. Prior to the 1900s the Big Sur country was scarcely settled. Indians were still in the area, and white men were just gradually discovering the beauty and peace of this redwood wilderness.

Other Sur tales tell of small-time pirates who frequented the secluded cove and used it both as a convenient hideaway and for unloading their stolen cargo. Most of the natives scoff at such dramatized stories and tell how their fathers and grandfathers laboriously picked their way through the solid rock of Partington Ridge for the sole purpose of gaining an outlet for the sale and trade of tanbark.

The tanbark was hauled by team to Partington Canyon from the surrounding hills. It was a much anticipated event when a sailing schooner from Monterey or San Francisco brought food, cotton goods, and other necessities to exchange for this highly prized product.

THE early-day Spanish, who explored and settled much of present-day California, apparently stopped only long enough in the Big Sur wilderness to gaze at the scenery and bestow a name on its river—Rio Grande del Sur (Big River of the South).

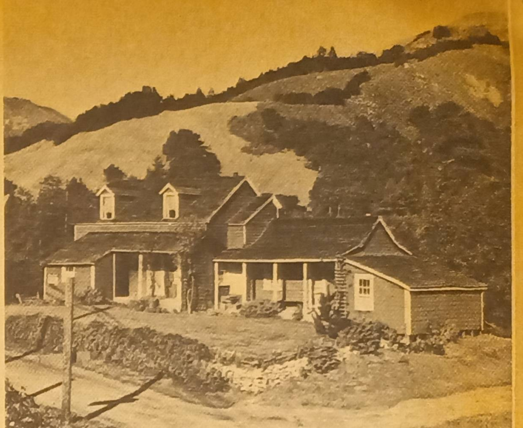
Even though the Spanish didn't spend a great deal of time exploring the hundreds of canyons and peaks of the coastal range, tales of gold and silver spread by Indians from Carmel Mission, twenty-five miles to the north, gave the Spanish more than just a passing interest in the land they eventually called Grande Sur.

One story tells of Mission Indians "walking three days toward the Sur" and returning burdened by heavy loads of gold and silver. Known gold of the Santa Lucia Range is in the Los Burros mining area just south of Big Sur. A legend of one nugget, found in the early 1900s and valued at $1,500, has kept gold-seekers busy to this day.

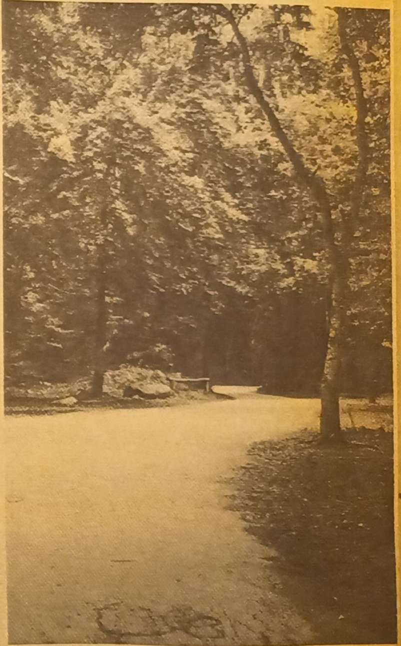
Another tale involving both Spanish and Indians describes how Indians living near the Little Sur (a spring-fed stream four miles north of the Big Sur River) would, upon the request of the Spanish, lead their burros into the Pico Blanco (White Mountain or Peak) area of the Little Sur and return the next day, their burros heavily laden with wire silver.

To the Spaniards' chagrin the Indians "discouraged" company as they obediently headed for their old mine in the Lucias. It was not until many years later, when Alfred K. Clark began prospecting in the Little Sur area, that the legend of the lost silver mine was revived by the people of the Sur.

Clark (or Uncle Al, as he was known to many) was a veteran of the Union Army who headed west after the Civil War and homesteaded on the South Fork of the Little Sur River. It was not long before he learned his land was in the area of a legendary silver mine. Befriending one of the last surviving members of the Little Sur Indians, Clark eventually gained his confidence. Years later, as the Indian lay on his deathbed, he revealed to Clark the details of the



Top left: Pico Blanco Mountain with Big Sur's Little Sur River in foreground. Top right: Original home of a Big Sur pioneer family, said to be over 100 years old. Lower right: Typical narrow and wooded Big Sur road.



mine. Discovering that this lost bonanza was within the shadows of towering Pico Blanco (practically in his own back yard), Clark began a search that obsessed him as long as he lived.

Traces of silver were soon found in the area the old Indian had described. Dreaming of untold riches, Clark immediately headed north to seek financial backing.

Dr. Clarence H. Pearce, of the San Francisco area, listened intently to the story and readily became a full-fledged partner and backer. A shaft was started at the spot Clark had found his silver, but after months of backbreaking labor and nothing of commercial value to show for their efforts, Pearce became disheartened and pulled out of the venture.

Clark was discouraged, too—but determined to dig on. Months passed when he would not be seen or heard from; occasionally he would pack out of the hills and work as a ranch hand for Alvin Dani, foreman at nearby Cooper Ranch.

As soon as he had earned enough to stock his cupboards, he would pack his supplies on the back of Toby, a burro he had caught and tamed, and off they would go to a rundown cabin and a never-ending dream of imminent riches.

MONTHS turned into years and Uncle Al became a living legend of the Sur. He was often discussed but seldom seen. Because he shied away from people and acted peculiar he was considered crazy by some and eccentric by others. Most thought he had dreamed of silver too long, and was so obsessed by this dream that he couldn't be rational about other things. Stories circulated that he had let his hair grow long to play the part of Uncle Sam in the 1915 San Francisco Exposition.

His defenders claimed that Clark was completely sane, but he had come to distrust everyone except a few close friends.

Of these friends, Al Geer and his family became the most trusted. It was Geer who took Clark into his home when he was sick, and it was Geer who financed one of Clark's last requests—a plane ride over his homestead and over the hidden entrance to the mine he had spent the greater part of his life digging. Clark was close to ninety when this took place (1930), and knew he was near death. The Geers nursed him as best they could, but pneumonia finally took his life.

Before he died, Clark gathered the family around him and told them he was leaving his land to them—and then proceeded to tell the strangest tale they had ever heard. Uncle Al Clark admitted he had never struck it rich in silver, but he told a story that—if authentic—could be worth far more to historians than a silver deposit ever would be.

One day while picking away at the face of the wall in one of the underground shafts, Clark told of breaking into a hidden mysterious chamber. (Uncle Al's mine—the Silver King—led directly into the mountain approximately fifteen feet, then dropped twenty feet to the main shaft which in turn had separate tunnels branching off from it.)

Peering into the room, he was dumbfounded at the vastness of the cavern. He crawled through the narrow opening and began to explore the underground chamber, slowly making his way from one subterranean room to the next. Clark's light showed icicle-like formations stretching from the ceilings, and at his feet cone-shaped outcroppings rose from the floor.

He told of seeing strange stone flowers that seemingly grew from the walls. Farther on, while passing into another chamber, his light fell upon a far wall where small shiny objects sparkled their reflections back to him. In one room a bubbling stream contained peculiar white fish.

But most wondrous of all was an immense room which had a dry floor, pockmarked with worn Indian mortars, and strange paintings on its walls of "elephants with long shaggy hair and curly teeth" and "cats with long sharp teeth."

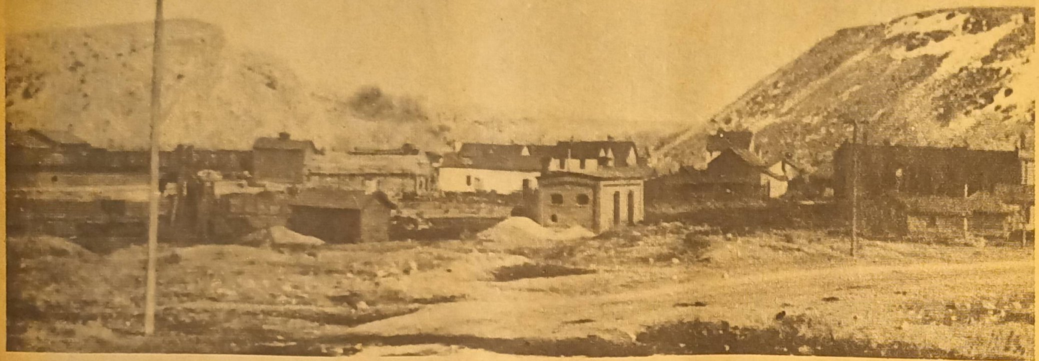
A FAIRY tale—a delirious old man's dream—an eccentric's desire to be remembered? Possibly, but in checking the details of Clark's story one can't overlook the plausible scientific explanation for what Clark described.

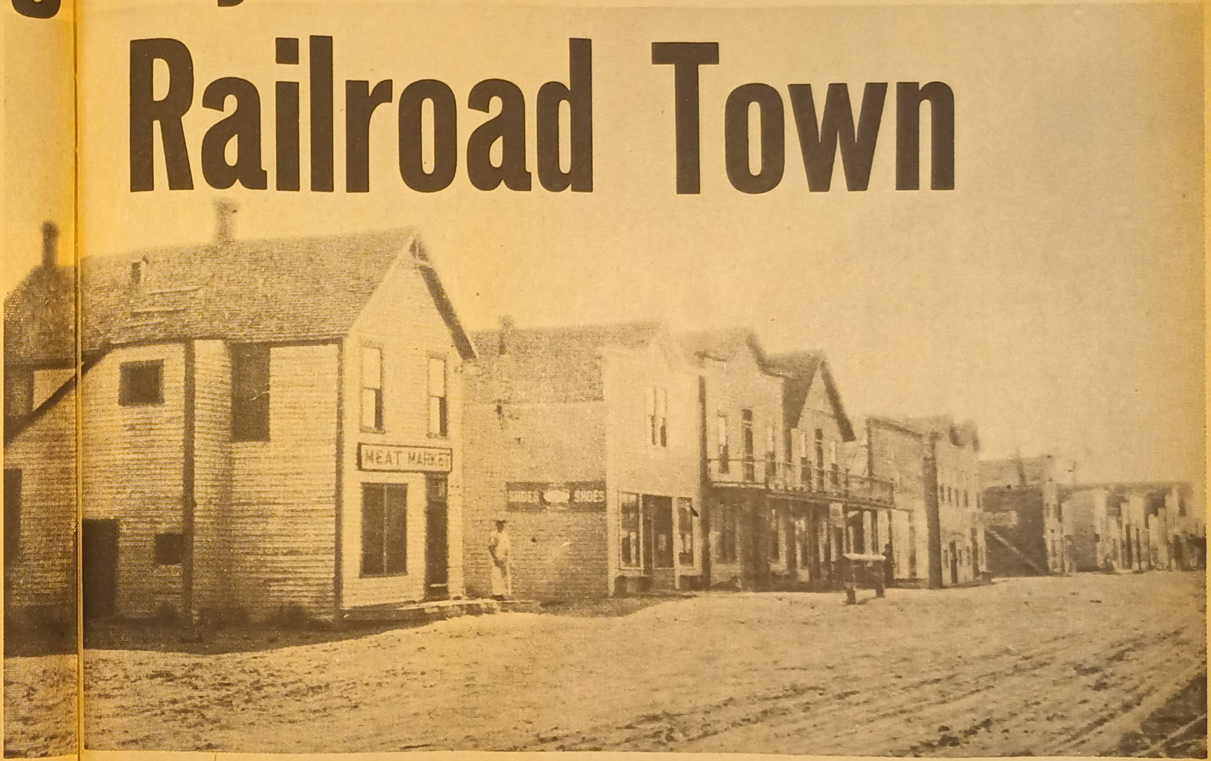
The great majority of the rock in the area of the Silver King is limestone; Pico Blanco itself is reported to contain the highest quality of dolomite limestone found on the central coast. Limestone is the type of rock that lends itself to such things as subterranean carvings by underground rivers.

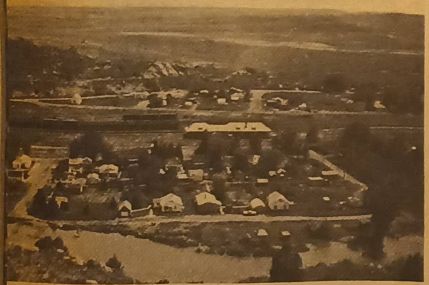
The South Fork of the Little Sur disappears into the ground a short distance from the mine and reappears approximately a mile downstream. The albino fish Clark saw could be troglo-

(Continued on page 41)

A Mighty Good Railroad Town







Above: Roundhouse and sandhouse, Logan, Montana early 1900s. Middle right: Cabin near Logan, built in 1863 by Burrel family, still occupied in 1970. Dirt roof beneath today's shingles was original roof. Far right: Main Street in Logan (before the fire), early 1900s. Lower left: (top) Logan as it looked in 1970. Depot in center is no longer used. Post office was abandoned July 1, 1970; (bottom) Close up of locked depot, 1970. Lower right: Saloon in Logan about 1910. Small boy seated in center of picture could be author.

Logan was two blocks long and every building faced the tracks. It was just natural, because everything the folks had to look forward to–fair or foul–was going to come right down those rails!

BY D. O. MERRIMAN

Photos Coutresy Author

I REMEMBER wild, exciting, noisy Logan, Montana when it had only one automobile. The car was owned by a local doctor who administered to an area larger than some of our eastern states. He was kept busy, but I don't think he ever became more than moderately well off.

Logan was a railroad town located at the junction of the Northern Pacific where the line separated going west, one track passing through Butte and the other by way of Helena, to re-join at Garrison on the west side of the Continental Divide. Of the great passenger trains, No. 1 and 2 went via Butte while No. 3, 4, 41 and 42 were routed through the capital city. Odd numbers traveled west; even numbers east. All six stopped at Logan where the railroad company ran an excellent lunch counter and dining room, facilities that were used by the railroad men as well as the passengers.

Most all of the engines were serviced at Logan where two water tanks and a coal dock supplied water and fuel for the long uphill pull to Livingston or the climb to Butte over the Continental Divide. The Helena line followed the Missouri River until it, too, made the steep ascent over the mountains.

Logan had about 200 people and was supported mostly by the railroad payroll, but it was also the focal point of an extensive agricultural and mining area. A branch line, the Pony and Norris, served several small towns from which livestock, grain, and mineral products kept a mixed train of several freight cars, a passenger and mail combination car, and a caboose on a daily schedule. Logan's roundhouse was home to the Pony and Norris engine as well as two switch-engines, those engines used on the stub passenger trains making daily trips to Butte and to Helena, two engines for the local freight trains serving the same areas, and usually a large freight engine kept for use as a helper when a doubleheader was scheduled up the grade.

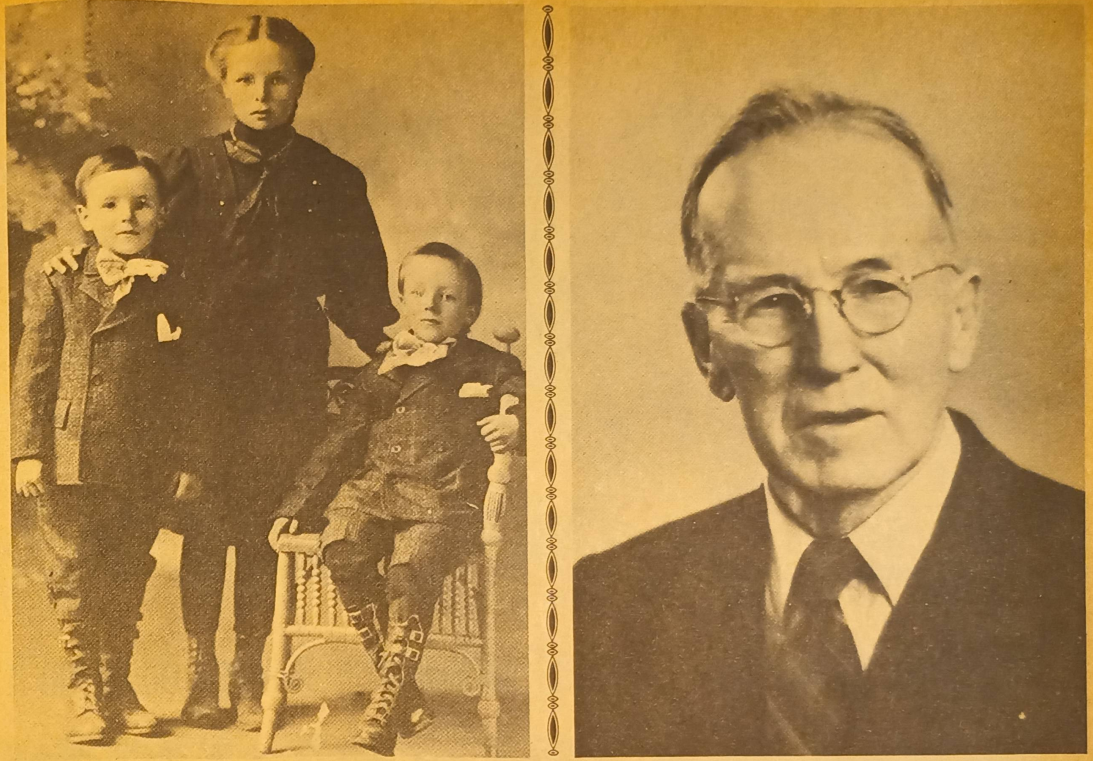
Freight trains were not as long as they are today, but most of them contained at least a hundred cars. Several trains

Top: Group of young folks in front of roundhouse, Logan, 1910. Lower: Big George's Bar, bartender George Markham of Logan, early 1900s.

went through town each way every day. The local yards were never empty. I remember the good smell of ever-present coal smoke, the chuffing of switch-engines, the bumping of car connections, the hissing of steam, the sound of the whistle as a train picked up speed after the conductors had given the highball signal. At night one could see the engine cab light up as the fireman opened his furnace door to shovel in the coal—flashing reflectors not unlike the intermittent brilliance of mammoth fireflies.

All eastbound freight engines were serviced at Logan where the hostler's crew removed them from the train, took them to the coal dock for renewal of fuel, filled the water tank and cleaned the fires on the cinder pit, then returned them to the trains. All of this took place while the train crews were having a meal at the beanery. Meanwhile, migrants who were getting a free ride over the mild protest of the railroad company, would disembark to stretch their legs. Some would stop over, staying in the jungle camp near the railroad bridge, supplementing the food they were able to buy, beg, or steal, with whitefish and ling from the Gallatin River.

THE MAIN STREET of Logan was two blocks long, with false-fronted buildings all facing the railroad tracks and depot buildings. A large ice-house stood between the commercial establishments and the tracks, and another large structure was used as a meeting place and dance hall where lively parties were held regularly during the cooler months. Everybody went to the dances—old and young, and even children for whom



Left: Merriman children about 1908; left to right: Nathaniel, Pearl and DeForest Jr. Right: DeForest L. Merriman (deceased), who was Deputy Sheriff at Logan, 1909-1912.

special music was played. The gatherings were orderly; no liquor was served, and what drinking was done took place outside. We boys usually struck a bonanza of whiskey flasks and bottles for which the saloonkeepers offered as much as a dime apiece. It paid to be an early riser on the morning after the ball!

Logan had five saloons, each of which had poker games in the back room. All seemed to do a thriving business. There was a pool hall where no liquor was served, a barbershop (haircuts, 35¢; shave 15¢), a restaurant run by a Chinaman, a butcher shop, two "hotels," a real-estate office, and two, sometimes three, general stores handling all manner of merchandise, groceries, hardware, harness and saddles, mowing machines, steam threshing engines or what have you. Louie, the proprietor of the largest store, doubled as banker for most everyone in town. Farmers and ranchers ran their bills from crop to crop; thirty-day credit was for the regularly employed.

There was a single row of modest dwellings next to the hill on the south side of town where the wagon road passed along, and a few other houses clustered east of the business places. Our house was the farthest to the east; the only buildings beyond us were the two-story frame schoolhouse and a little community church used by all Protestant denominations. The bulk of the residences lay to the north between the railroad and the river. This area supported a residence-hotel used mostly by trainmen, some of whom were required to spend a night at the end of their run before returning to their homes at Butte, Helena or Livingston. There were some nice homes in this section. Many of the occupants kept chickens; some kept cows; and the affluent often kept horses and buggies or a team.

There was another business establishment, located down near the river, that was forbidden territory for us who were still young and supposedly innocent. From a distance it appeared to be a very attractive large house with nice grounds and cottonwood trees. Even we ten-year-olds had a pretty good idea about the services offered there.

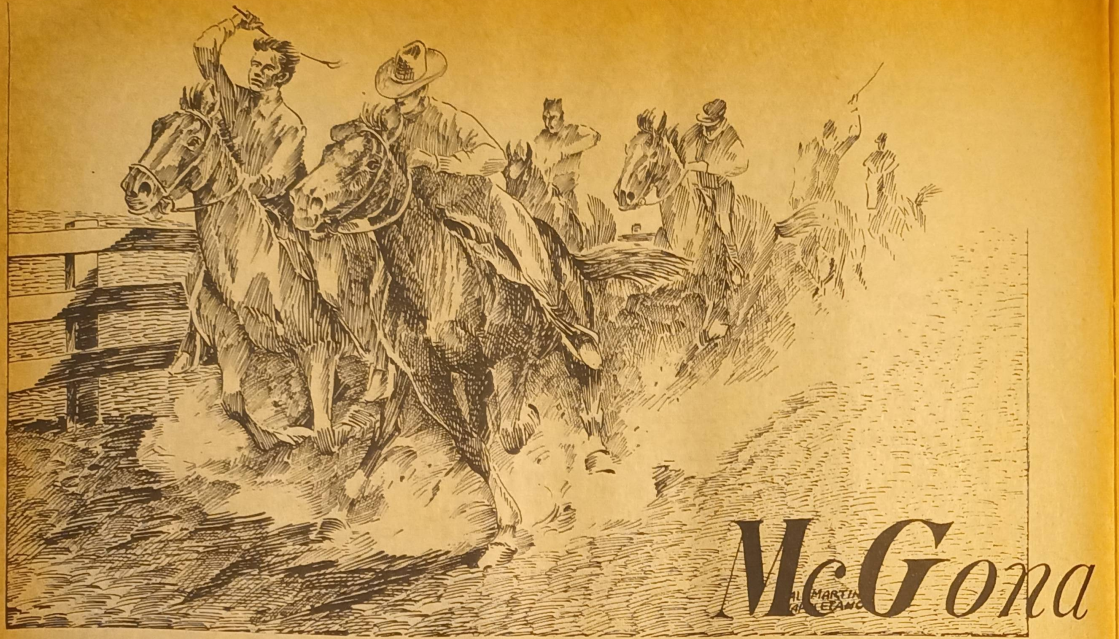
Just behind the roundhouse stood the livery stable where team or saddle animals could be rented and where board for horses was furnished. Most of the farmers or ranchers kept their horses there when they spent more than two or three hours in town. Across the street from the livery barn stood the blacksmith shop run by a wonderful man, P. J. M. His establishment was the most interesting place in town and he was friendly to youngsters. He often let me help him by pulling the rope tied to the lever that operated the bellows furnishing draft to his large forge. I still remember the smell of burning hoofs, and the "bang-bang-bang—tap-tap-tappety-tap—bang-bang-bang" as hammer fashioned the shoes held by tongs in the smith's big hand.

I remember the hitching racks on the main street, several sections consisting of two posts about ten or twelve feet apart, capped by a strong pole to which saddle horses, buggy teams, and wagon teams were tethered while the owners conducted business. One of the most lasting lessons I ever learned was one day when an elegant stranger rode into town on a beautiful black stallion. I had never seen such a grand outfit—big black horse, silver-mounted saddle, white ten-gallon Stetson, silk shirt and neckerchief, black angora chaps, silver spurs on sewn-leather boots. Wow! I ran over to where he was dismounting and asked, "Where you from, Mister?" "Where'd you get the horse?" "How long you goin' to be in town?" "Gosh, Mister, who are you?"

The gentleman regarded me with a cold blue stare and replied, "Now, just wait a minute while I am trying to think why any of those things could possibly be any of your damned business." So saying, he left an embarrassed boy standing there doing a little wondering himself.

IN 1909, Father had been appointed deputy sheriff at Logan so our family had moved from our small ranch on the Madison. We had brought some chickens.

(Continued on page 57)



McGonagill Pays Off

It was some horse race—a lot of summer wages were riding on it

BY BOB DOW as told to EVE BALL

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

WALTER McGONAGILL, brother of the famous world champion steer roper, Clay McGonagill, was not the rodeo performer his brother was, but neither was any other man in the Carlsbad country. And that country produced top ones, and many of them. There was Ellison Carroll and Joe Gardner, in the old days. And later on that country produced Joe Welch, Elmer Hepler, the Weir boys, and plenty more. Bob Crosby and Jake McClure came from not too far away, and all of them were tops.

The McGonagill string of quarter horses, known as "the apple horses," were tops, too. And there were plenty of good horses in the country. The McGonagill strain was said to have originated from The Denton Mare. Walter McGonagill had three race horses—Sam Bass, Joe Collins, and Old Dad, named for noted outlaws, and all outlaws themselves. Of the three my favorite was Joe Collins and when I could get a chance I always placed a bet on him.

There were lots more good ones in that country. The Heplers were noted for Shue Fly; Carl Livingston owned Waxahachie; and Jake McClure, Legs, but he was a roping horse. Then there was The Mexican Stud. He was a chunky bay with a Roman nose and a white star on his face. His fetlocks nearly drug the ground and he didn't look like he could head a billy goat, but I still think he was one of the fastest animals at a quarter of a mile that I ever saw. Some Mexican share-croppers brought him in from down near Eagle Pass and they used him at every rodeo and race horse meet to win money from the cowboys. Neither Walter McGonagill nor the Heplers at that time had anything that could hold a candle to The Stud.

This winning he did went on year after year until it became a joke that the Mexican cotton pickers and the Carlsbad bankers had joined up to take money away from the ranchers. All that those Mexicans had to do was tell the bankers that they had matched The Mexican Stud. It was a plumb disgrace to the cow business and something had to be done about it.

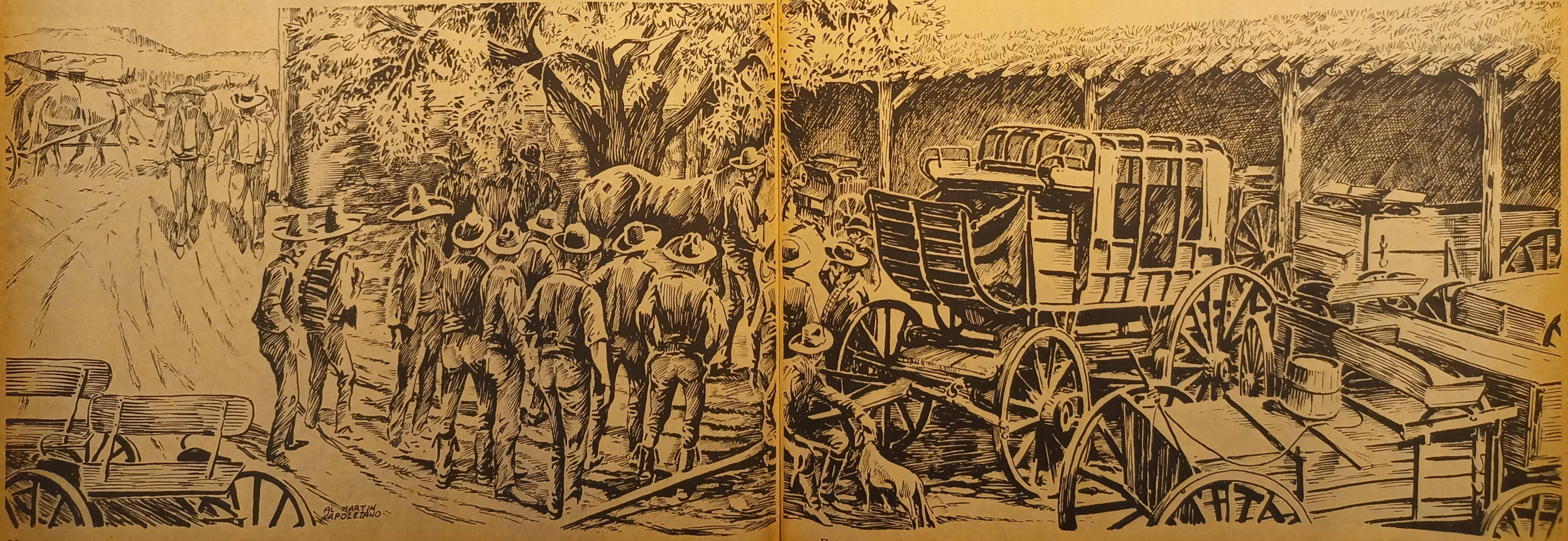
One day at Hope, New Mexico, I got hold of Walter just after a race where he had won a pot of money off the Prudes and Jernigans. Joe Collins had just outrun Ed Watts' mare. Knowley Morris, an almost full-blood Cherokee, had told me that he knew a bay mare at Chickasha, Oklahoma that could outrun The Stud. He'd timed both. Well, Walter sent his business manager up there and it wasn't long until Walter showed up in Carlsbad with this mare.

He told me he wasn't taking any chances on getting beat by The Stud. He wanted to have somebody hold a split-second stop watch on him. Walter wanted to know his time for sure. So he matched a race with Carl Livingston's Waxahachie, at a quarter mile. Matched 'em for fifty dollars, cheap at the price. Walter was to ride Waxahachie and have his manager time him.

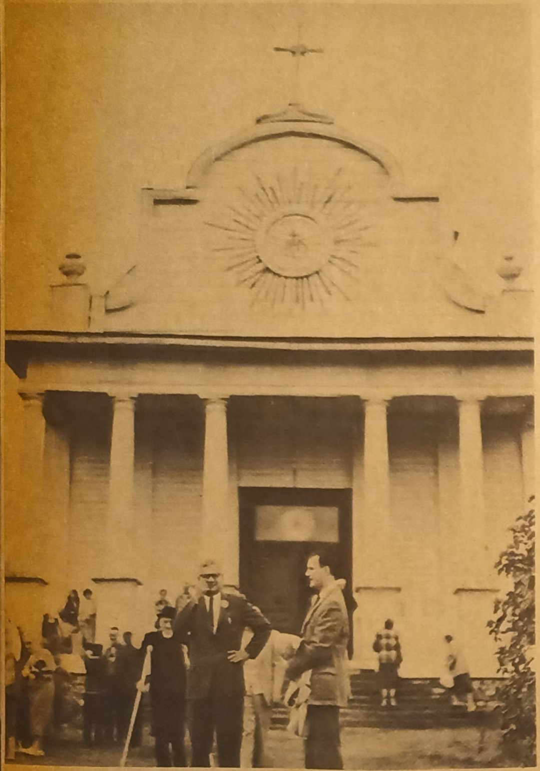
That Mexican Stud won by as far as a man could throw a rock but Walter had his time to a split second.

KNOWLEY MORRIS had figured out about how much cotton the Mexicans would have picked and how to get the money. That was in 1919 and cotton was very high. Walter let Knowley run the deal because the Mexicans were a little

(Continued on page 62)



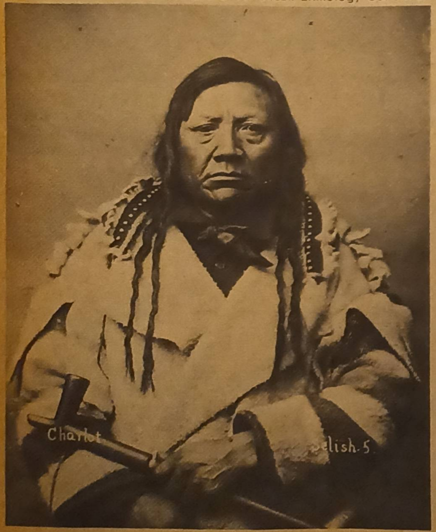
It took a long time but with the initial help of some Indians, Sunday got listed on the frontier calendar—

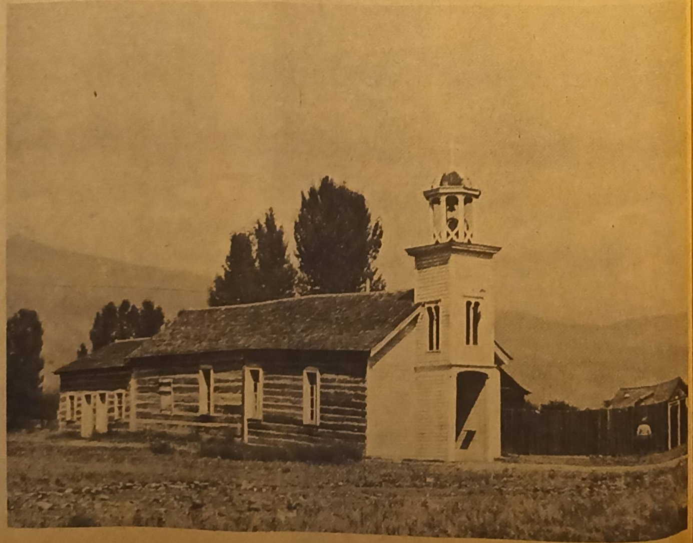


Black Robes and Circuit Riders

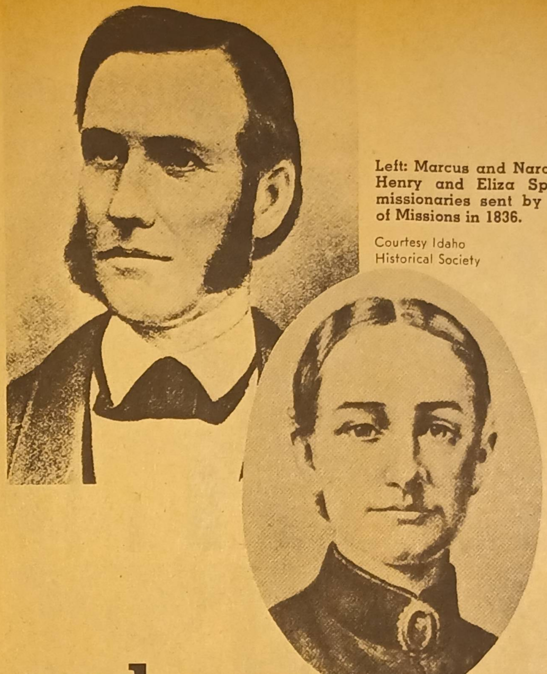
Top left: The Mission of the Sacred Heart (Catalda Mission) near Catalda, Idaho, completed in 1853. Lower left: Chief Charlot (Small Claw of the Grizzly Bear), head chief of the Flatheads, worshiped at St. Mary's until the 1872 treaty. Lower right: Montana's oldest church, St. Mary's Mission, built in 1841 in the Bitterroot Valley.

Courtesy Smithsonian Office of Anthropology, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection

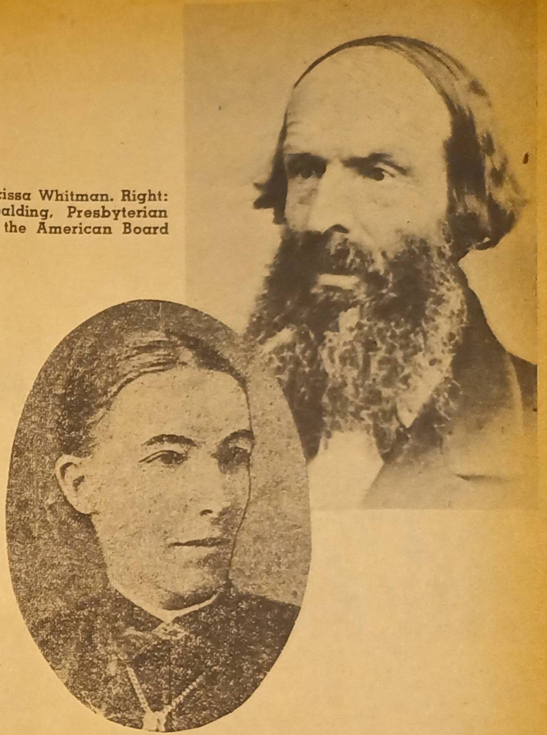




Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



Photos Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



Left: Marcus and Narcissa Whitman. Right: Henry and Eliza Spalding, Presbyterian missionaries sent by the American Board of Missions in 1836.

Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

BY GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Photos Courtesy Author

IN THE DAYS when all of the great Northwest was called "Oregon" and belonged chiefly to the Indians and the buffalo, there was a saying among the mountain men that Sunday would never cross the Mississippi. But those who repeated the saying, whether hopefully or regretfully, had little conception of the longing in many an unschooled heart for a religion he felt was better than his own. Nor could they have believed the faith and the fortitude, the ability to work and to suffer, of those who were to bring it to him.

Even in the early part of the nineteenth century both the Nez Perce and Flathead tribes, as well as several smaller tribes, had acquired some knowledge of the Christian faith. This came from four probable sources.

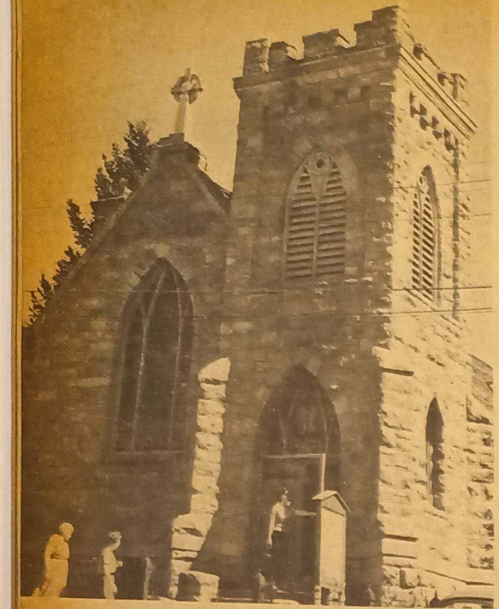
First, contact came from the members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, who stopped on their way to the coast in 1805 and also on their way back the next year to trade and visit with the Nez Perce. Clark was a Christian and no doubt others in his company were, too. Second, there was David Thompson, explorer and geographer, a firm friend of the Flatheads and also acquainted with many Nez Perce during the years 1809-1813. He was a devout Protestant, carrying his Bible with him and practicing daily devotions. Third, the Flatheads and some of the Nez Perce, who often visited them, had learned something of Christian doctrine from Ignace La Mousse and other Iroquois. The Iroquois had received some instruction in Catholicism in the East and had come West with the fur traders in 1812-1820, eventually marrying into the Flathead tribe. Ignace had considerable influence on his adopted peoples. Fourth and most important seems to have been the influence of Spokane Garry, an Indian boy of the Spokane tribe, who was sent to an Anglican school in Canada in 1825 with the idea that he should become an interpreter for the fur traders.

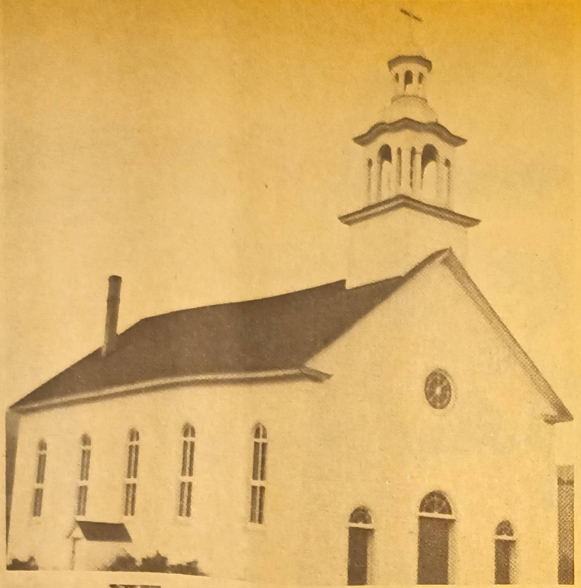
Garry returned to his people in 1830 with a Bible and a prayer book. He built a schoolhouse not far from the present city of Spokane and taught there, reading frequently from the Bible. He interpreted it to the best of his ability to those who gathered to listen.

WITH A taste of knowledge of the Christian faith and a growing desire for more, a delegation of four Indians set out in the spring of 1831 and reached St. Louis in September of the same year. As none of the four spoke English and had to rely on sign language, it is not absolutely certain what they requested. Some say it was for the Black Robes (Catholic missionaries); others, for the Book of Heaven or Book of God, the Great Spirit. There is little doubt that they had heard of the Bible and wanted it and someone to expound it for them.

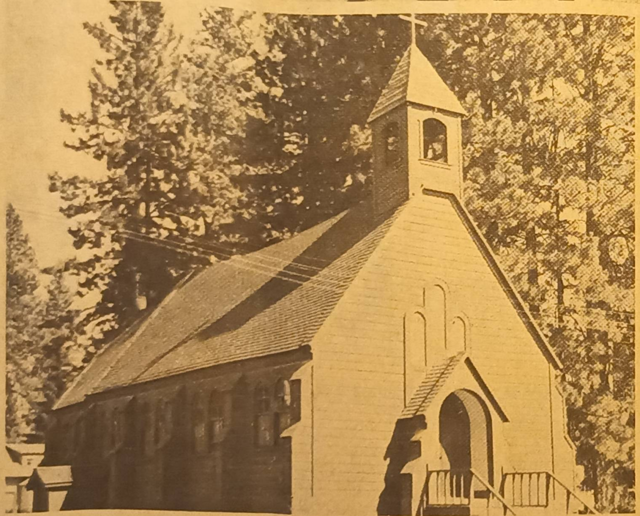
There is a difference of opinion, also, as to who these Indians were. Some writers claim that they were Flatheads and others that three were Nez Perce and one part Nez Perce and part Flathead. The weight of evidence gleaned from the Indians, old diaries, and statements of old-timers seems to lean heavily toward the latter.

Two of the Indians died that winter. They had been baptized and received in-





Top left: The building of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Virginia City, Montana, was started sometime in 1867. Top right: Catholic Church at Frenchtown, Montana in 1884 replaced the temporary church built about 1864. Lower right: Coeur d'Alene's Little Red Chapel, (Idaho) built in 1878.

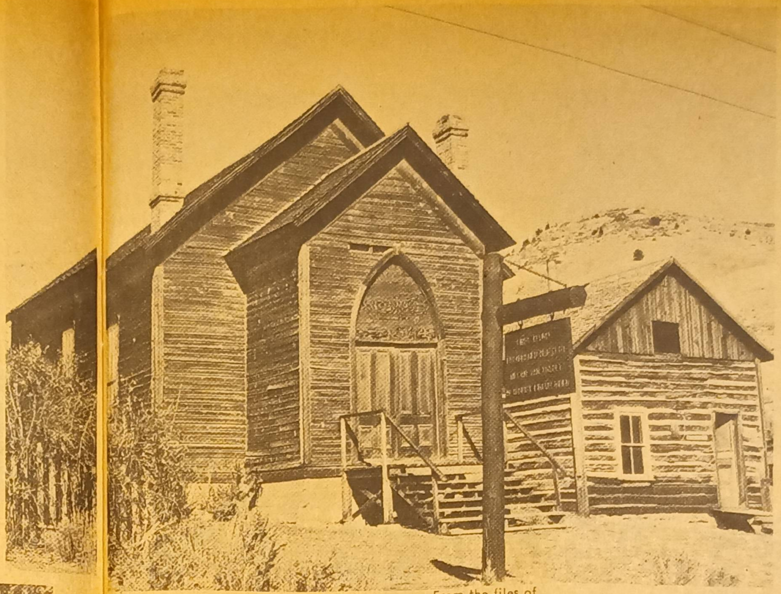


to the Catholic church, from which they were buried. The records give only one a name, and that merely "Paul." In the spring the other two started home from St. Louis aboard the riverboat *Yellowstone.* The artist, George Catlin, painted their pictures. He said the name of one was H'coa h'coahcotes (No Horns On His Head) and that of the other, Heeoh'-kstekin (Rabbit Skin Leggin's). He also stated that they were Nez Perce. According to Catlin, No Horns On His Head died near the mouth of the Yellowstone River. Only Rabbit Skin Leggin's lived to see his people again and he did not return to the Kamiah Valley in Idaho, but met the Nez Perce in what is now Montana. He had not been given a Bible, which of course he could not have read anyway, and no missionary was available at the time.

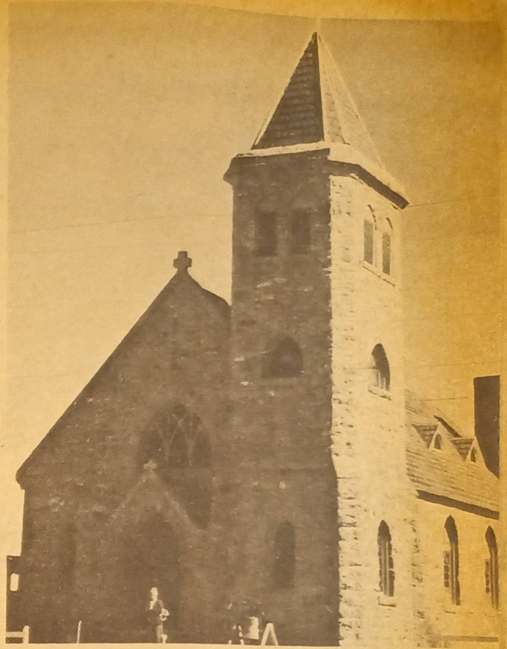
But the plea was not forgotten. In 1834 the Methodist Church sent out Reverend Jason Lee and two companions, the first Christian missionaries to cross the Rocky Mountains. They stopped at old Fort Hall and there Lee preached the first Christian sermon in present-day Idaho. However Lee did not stop to minister to the Flatheads or the Nez Perce but went on to the Willamette Valley to establish the first Christian mission in Old Oregon.

In 1836 four Presbyterian missionaries, the Marcus Whitmans and the Henry Spaldings, were sent out by the American Board of Missions. Eliza Spalding and Narcissa Whitman were the first white women to cross the Rockies. The Whitmans made their station at Waiilatpu, near present-day Walla Walla in Washington while the Spaldings chose as their site Lapwai Creek about ten miles south of today's Lewiston, Idaho.

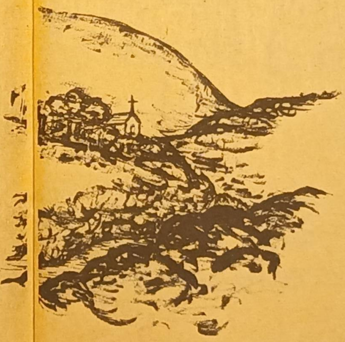
The long journey had been a most difficult one, especially for Mrs. Spalding, as she was in poor health and often had had to sleep on the ground with nothing under her but a blanket. The dried and somewhat sourish buffalo meat which had been their principal diet had been, for her, almost inedible, and only the milk from cows they brought with them and Eliza's own determination had kept her alive. The wagon, which they knew would be sorely missed, had to be left behind at Fort Boise—but that was considerably farther than any wagon had been brought before. It was necessary to go to Fort Vancouver for supplies, so that by the time they reached Lapwai on November 29, 1836, this frail woman had traveled by wagon, on horseback, and by canoe 5,215 miles. She had suffered from blazing heat, endured torture from insects and thirst, had been half frozen, sick, and weary to the point of exhaustion, but had never once expressed a desire to return to the comfortable home she had left behind.

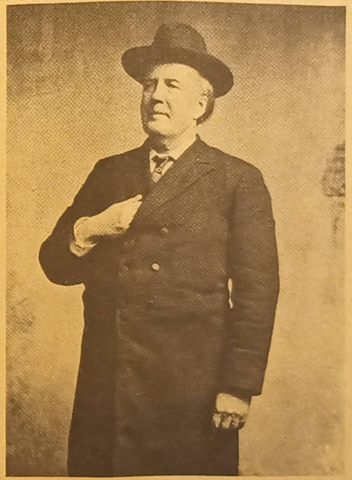


From the files of
Montana State Historical Society, Helena



Top left: Brother Van's old church in the ghost town of Bannack, Montana is reopened each summer and services are held. Top right: Old Catholic Church, Laurin, Montana. Lower left: The Reverend W. W. Van Orsdel ("Brother Van") in a characteristic pose when he was about 55.





At Lapwai buffalo hides provided temporary shelter, and in less than a month a house 42′ by 18′ was completed, with much help from the Nez Perce. The first white family home in Idaho had been established. Until the church was built it also served as a place of worship. It was in this house a year later that little Eliza Spalding, Idaho's first white child, was born.

SPALDING was a man of foresight. He foretold the end of the buffalo which was the Indian's food, clothing and shelter. He firmly believed that the only way to save the Indians, their lives as well as their souls, was to get them to settle and become farmers. Through all of his long life of hardships he never lost sight of that goal.

He was a man of quick temper, stern discipline, and sometimes harsh punishments. But the Indians respected him and he won their confidence. He provided them with hoes and they worked the soil. (Lapwai potatoes were the start of Idaho's famous potato industry.) He planted an orchard and Idaho's first apples were the result. He imported a few sheep from the Sandwich Islands, taught the Indians how to care for them, and they rapidly increased. Soon Mrs. Spalding was teaching the Indian girls to spin, weave, knit and make dresses for themselves.

The Nez Perce were rich in horses and Spalding persuaded them to take some of their horses east and trade for cattle. Thus began Idaho's cattle industry.

When a good crop of wheat was raised, Spalding built a stone grist mill, using native granite. In this endeavor he had some white help, but as in everything the Indians did a great deal. A sawmill was also built which was later moved to Waiilatpu.

In 1838 the Spaldings moved their mission two miles to a better location on the banks of the Clearwater River. This was the permanent site. Here the Indians dug the millrace—in various places fifteen feet deep—and threw the dirt out with their hands.

Somehow the Spaldings managed time for teaching and preaching. A printing

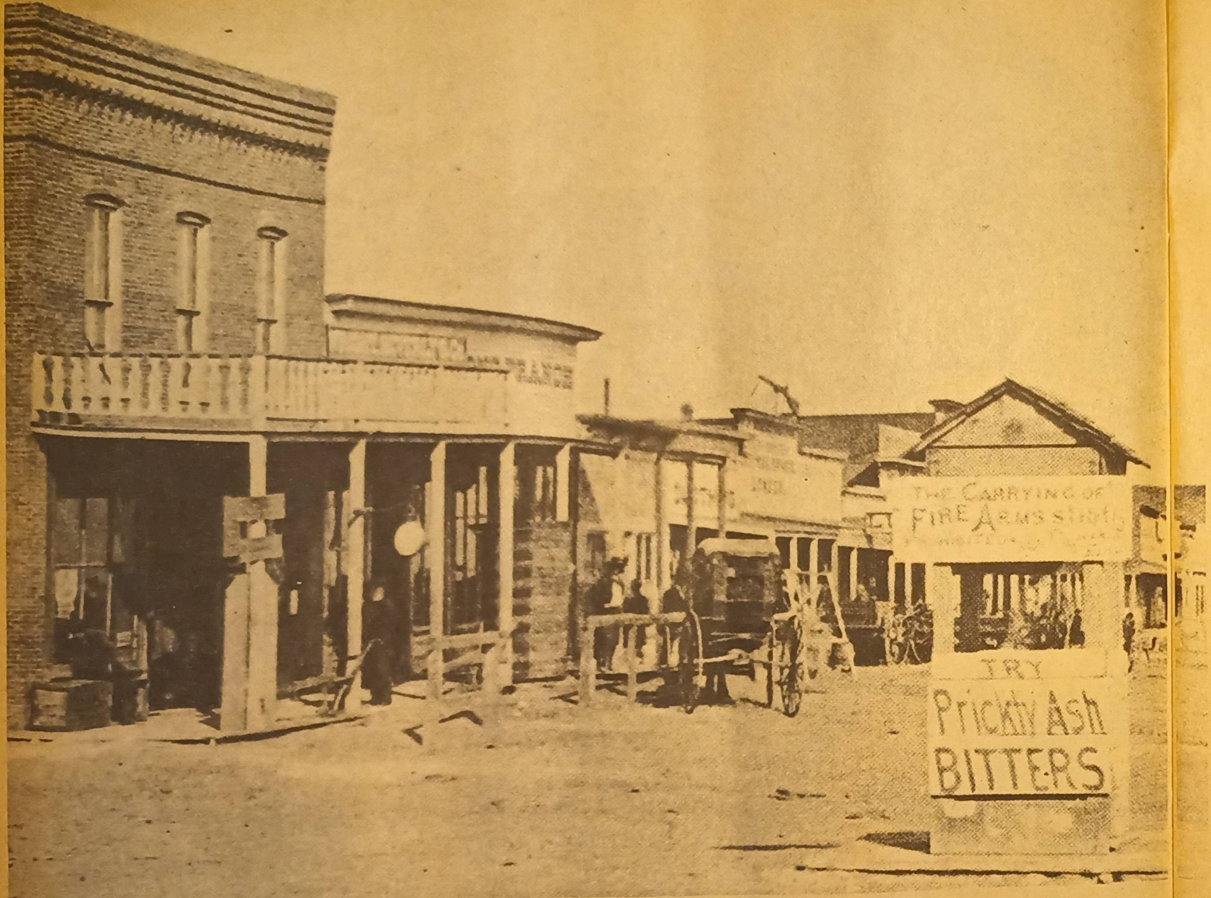
(Continued on page 67)

"Hell! Dodge City Ain't In The United States!"

That was the city fathers' answer when they were informed that their proposed July 4th celebration was counter to American law and morals and would sully the honor of the whole country

BY CHARLES MANLEY

Photos Courtesy Author



Dodge City's Front Street, looking east, as it appeared in the 1880s.

DISGUSTEDLY A. B. Webster rolled over in his bed, away from the rain driving against the window. The effort brought a stab of pain but he had seen all the rain he could take for one spring. Inwardly he cursed the weather that had brought on the attack of rheumatism and had been wrecking Dodge City's business for months.

If Dodge City had had a chamber of commerce in 1884, A. B. Webster would probably have been its president. In a city filled with men of action he was the acknowledged leader. Less than ten years in town, he had become owner of the Alamo, one of the more prosperous saloons. He had a tidy stake of land and cattle, had been mayor just one year or two before, and was in the forefront of every activity designed to promote Dodge and its business. Right now he was leading up a group planning a Fourth of July celebration.

Rheumatism or not, Webster was not one to lie still for long, nor to let his mind be occupied with gloomy thoughts. The saloon was in good hands, his cattle were taken care of, but the celebration for the Fourth needed some work. The Fourth was still better than two months away, but that was none too much time to arrange for a top-notch show. Of course they would have the usual features—baseball, races, shooting and roping contests. These last two would appeal to the Texans who by then would be in town. The trail herds were even now being assembled, probably some of them on their way. A five-arch tournament, with good cash prizes, should attract some cowboys. And their friends, loaded with trail pay, would turn out to watch them try to spear the wire loops—and some of them roll in the dust trying.

The same things, however, would be features of the celebrations at Caldwell and Leoti and most every town. What Dodge needed was something really different. Show the world that Dodge City was not just another country town. Something that would appeal to cowboys and citizens alike, that would bring out a crowd, money to the store tills and, of course, make money for the promoters.

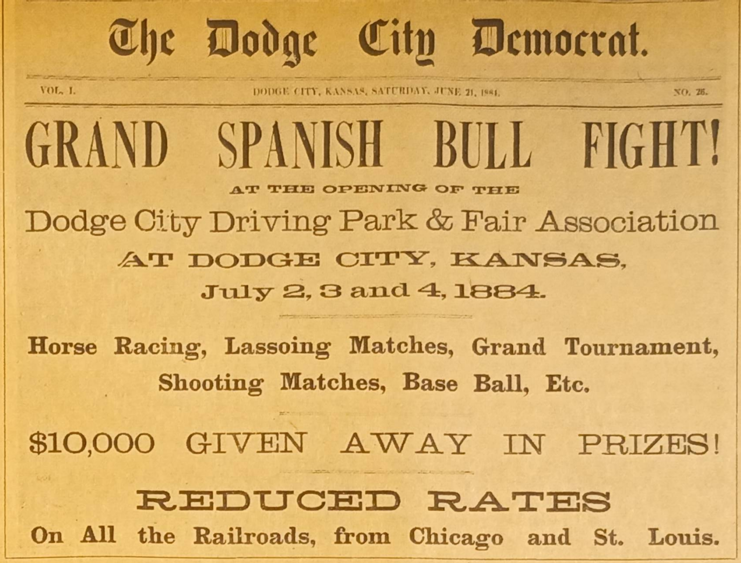
THAT IS when the idea of the bullfight struck him. He had seen bullfights in Mexico, seen the throngs they attracted, many of the spectators coming across the line from Texas. It would make other Kansas celebrations look pretty feeble. The more Webster thought about it the better it seemed.

One of the first men he sounded out was Bill Tilghman, city marshal. Tilghman was enthusiastic and between the two of them they quickly rounded up a group of businessmen for a meeting in the back room of the Alamo—H. B. "Ham" Bell, owner of the feedstore and livery stable; James "Dog" Kelley, saloon owner and former mayor; A. Gluck, jeweler; Dr. M. G. Cockey; and A. J. Anthony, rancher.

Webster and Tilghman explained the idea and it struck fire to the group at once. Many of them had seen fights in Mexico, the others had heard about them. For these men, decision meant action. Within a few minutes they had organized the Dodge City Driving Park and Fair Association—capital $10,000, 400 shares at $25 each. Then they proceeded to subscribe $3,000 of the necessary capital before they left the Alamo.

Next day, as word of the project got around, there were plenty of eager investors. Before noon the full $10,000 was subscribed. When formal organization had been completed, Ham Bell had been elected president; Dr. Cockey, vice-president; J. S. Welch, secretary; A. J. Anthony, treasurer. The board of directors was these officers plus W. F. Combs, J. Collar, A. Gluck, Bill Tilghman and James Kelley. Bell, Collar and Tilghman constituted the executive committee and their first official act was to appoint Webster as general manager.

Dodge residents, interested and amused, were glad to have something to talk about besides the rain, though many did not take the plans too seriously. Nor did the rest of the state. Newspapers in



The Dodge City Democrat.

VOL. I. DODGE CITY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1884. NO. 26.

GRAND SPANISH BULL FIGHT!

AT THE OPENING OF THE

Dodge City Driving Park & Fair Association

AT DODGE CITY, KANSAS,

July 2, 3 and 4, 1884.

Horse Racing, Lassoing Matches, Grand Tournament, Shooting Matches, Base Ball, Etc.

$10,000 GIVEN AWAY IN PRIZES!

REDUCED RATES

On All the Railroads, from Chicago and St. Louis.

Dodge City Democrat, June 21 and June 28, 1884. Dates shown were those originally scheduled but later changed to July 4 and 5. Lower right: Chalk Beeson's Cowboy Band, 1884.

PRESENTED
DODGE CITY
COW-BOY BAND
SNIDER & CO

surrounding Kansas towns took a decidedly cynical view, prompted perhaps by the fear of losing their own Fourth of July crowds. Papers in the East, however, considered Dodge City good copy. Whether they believed it or not, they continued to print everything they could get on the event. Many made plans to send correspondents to cover the show. Webster received letters from all over the country inquiring about tickets, train schedules, and hotel accommodations.

WEBSTER located a lawyer, W. K. Moore, in Paso del Norte, who agreed to hire the bullfighters. In fact, Moore did more than that. He took it upon himself to become their manager and brought them to Dodge City personally when the time came. He took an active part, too, in the publicity, helping to placate some of the opponents of the event.

A thirty-five acre tract just west of town, between the city limits and the Arkansas River, was bought from A. J. Anthony for $35 an acre, and construction of the bull ring was begun.

Doc Barton, said to be the first man to bring a trail herd from Texas to Dodge, was commissioned to provide the bulls. He sent his riders out to comb the area and to meet herds on the trail with orders to select the wildest and fiercest animals to be found. The twelve finally selected, nearly half of them bearing Doc's own *OS* brand, were assembled in a holding corral west of town.

The appearance of the bulls was the convincer that the fight would really come off. Everyone in Dodge was—in his own mind, at least—a cattle connoisseur and shortly the whole town had been out to view the bulls and appraise their fighting abilities. The consensus was that this was as ugly a collection as could be had.

When the trail herds began to string in, the cowboys joined in the inspection. They lived with these long-horned critters and had a healthy respect for their bad disposition. It would be interesting to see the results when men stood up to them on foot. Local gamblers found the odds changing as more and more were ready to lay money on the bulls.

The *Ford County Globe* even decided to "give a short sketch of these noted animals together with their pedigrees."

The bullfighters after the fight, posed in a Dodge City studio. No individual identification is available.

Number I on the *Globe's* list was "Ring-tailed Snorter, the oldest and most noted of the twelve. He has been in twenty-seven different fights, and always came off victor. Pedigree: Calved February 29, 1883; sire, Long-Horns; dam, All Fire, first of Great Fire, who won big money in a freeze-out at Supply in 1882."

One, destined to be the star of the group, was named simply "Doc," after his owner, Doc Barton. Others were Iron Gall, Klu Klux—of whom the *Globe* wrote, "It is this animal that the bullfighters most fear, having laid out his man in Old Mexico, while playing 'four you see and one you don't' "—Rustler, Loco Jim, and Eat-Em-Up Richard. A bull named Sheriff was described as "an animal that was never tamed or branded but showed good points in his past go-as-you-please fights on the plains, and since then has captured several prizes in different parts of the country."

The fairgrounds now showed signs of progress. A high board fence enclosed the entire thirty-five acres and behind it the arena was going up. Seats for 5,000 spectators surrounded the bull ring proper, a circular area 100 feet in diameter. Between the seats and the bull ring was an eight-foot board wall, with eight board screens at intervals around the inside. These were for the matador to slip behind in case of an emergency.

As it now became obvious that the fight would really take place, opposition began to build up, both nationally and locally. There was a rumor that Governor J. W. Glick would send troops to stop the fight. Contacted in Topeka, he assured his friends in Dodge that if the fight were scheduled for another day, he himself would attend.

A more serious threat was that the Santa Fe would stop the fight. The whole life of the city depended on being the loading point for cattle, so this was serious. The railroad had stepped in before very effectively when activities did not please its passengers. Nothing came of this rumor, however.

It was said that Webster had a wire from the United States Attorney pointing out that bullfighting was illegal in the United States. "Hell!" was Webster's reply, "Dodge City ain't *in* the United States!"

THE Dodge City *Democrat* condemned "a number of so-called good and moral people" who were writing to friends that it was all a publicity scheme and there actually would not be a bullfight. These people were, according to the *Democrat*, "the same class of fanatical agitators who are eternally opposing every enterprise calcuated to advertise Dodge and promote its growth and prosperity."

The editor of the Dodge City *Times*, smarting still under his failure to elect a reform ticket in the spring elections, commented: "If we are in a condition of barbarism we ought to indulge in the sports of ancient barbarians." Dodge, the editor continued, was "a remote village within the confines of civilization

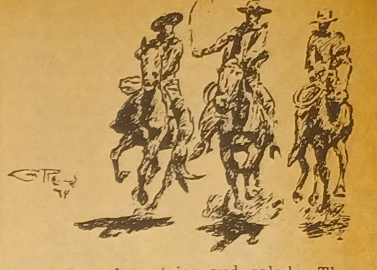
(Continued on page 60)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.



MORE COWBOY LINGO

The Cowman Says It Salty (University of Arizona Press, $5.95) by Ramon F. Adams and with a foreword by John D. Gilchriese is the author's latest addition to a delightful collection of books on cowman lore. *The Cowman Says It Salty* is much more than a collection of words. It is a blend of words unique to cowmen placed in the perspective of the cowman's environment in Adams' own rich style. If the cowboy's speech was ungrammatical, it was colorful, salty and precise. While the "wide spaces of the plains don't breed chatterboxes," his (the cowboy's) friends know "he don't depend entirely on sign language." "Singin' to 'Em," "Slicken' Up," "Bendin' an Elbow," "Chips That Pass in the Night," "On the Prod," and "Gunners and Rustlers" are some of the chapters, each encompassing a particular set of phases and expressions suited to the occasion. Adams expresses confidence that the cowboy will be around as long as we are meat eaters, and though his speech is bound to change, "he will never become so soft that he will pack a lunch, wear his sleeves rolled up, and say 'my gracious' instead of 'goddam' when he is mad."

MUCH LIKE OURS

The British Empire once rid its island of jail inmates by shipping them to its colonies, Australia being a major example. The story of one of these convicts is the subject of *Clarke of the Kindur* (Melbourne University Press, $5.70) by Dean Boyce. Clarke made his reputation as a bushranger and explorer of the Darling River basin in the eastern interior. Sentenced to death for crimes which would be considered minor offenses today, his penalty was finally reduced to life imprisonment. Once in Sydney, Australia, Clarke was bound out to an amiable farmer and stock grower who gave him considerate treatment. He escaped and found refuge with native tribesmen dwelling on an upper tributary of Darling River. The convict soon mastered the art of bushland survival, learned the native language, engaged in a polygamous marriage and became a tribal leader. He led his clansmen on regular raids on cattle herds of westward-advancing cattlemen to supplement the native food supply. Drought forced the natives to search wide areas for water and game. Clarke claimed to have discovered the Kindur River which he said flowed to the northern area. Others later proved this to be false. When captured after five years of bushranging, the convict offered to lead explorers to this mystical river but his captors sent him for three years to Norfolk and later to Hobart where he met death on the gallows. Westerniana fans in the U.S. will find that Australian frontier history closely parallels our own. Book is available from International Scholarly Book Services, Inc., Box 4347, Portland, Oregon, 97208.

LOTS OF LAND

We can commend Thomas Lloyd Miller for his scholarship in writing the immense reference book, *The Public Lands of Texas 1519-1970* (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95). There were few precious minerals, no immense source of beaver furs and no thrifty metropolitan centers to entice settlers and capitalists to Texas. But it was rich in land that people wanted. Spain and Mexico granted 26,280,000 acres to Spanish Missions and individuals. The independent Texas republic became the possessor of 216,314,560 acres of public domain. Upon joining the Union, the state retained all public land to be sold to liquidate indebtedness incurred during its battle for independence against Mexico. Early Texas legislators recklessly disposed of the land until finally saner heads saved part of the estate to provide perpetual funds for education. Forty million acres went to settlers; 10,000,000 acres were granted to soldiers, veterans and signers of the Texas declaration of independence; the slice to railroads was 32,000,000 acres; 5,000,000 were given to internal improvements; 3,050,000 acres were traded to XIT Ranch owners for constructing the huge granite state capitol; and fortunately 52,000,000 acres were permanently set aside as rent land to provide income for education. Regretfully all mineral rights on all but 8,000,000 acres of school land were disposed of to individuals and corporations. In the foreword, former U. S. Senator Ralph W. Yarborough says that had Texas reserved half the minerals on all lands disposed of, she would be the wealthiest state in the Union. Very good.

TWO FROM VINEGAR TOM

The Vinegar Tom Press of Albuquerque has issued two booklets on Southwestern scenery and menus that will appeal to Westerniana collectors. Charles F. Lummis (1859-1928), explorer, photographer and writer, won honors as author of *The Land of Poco Tiempo*. His voluminous writings about New Mexico and Arizona carrying enticing descriptions of arid land scenery, the Indians and wildlife, beckoned the first venturesome tourists to see what amazed him. In their first printing since their original publication seventy years ago, three of these articles form the chapters in the brochure entitled *The Southwestern Wonderland* ($1.50). The other booklet, *Harvey Girls' Recipes* ($1.50) describes some of the tasty dishes famous in the Harvey Houses along the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. Served by the fetching Harvey Girls, guests were treated to delicious meats, soups, seafood, cereals, eggs, Mexican food, vegetables, desserts, breads and pastries and salads. These provided delightful contrasts to the coarse grub—usually meat, potatoes and gravy—common in most every-day restaurants.

PLACE NAMES

Those bent toward local and regional geography will find pleasure reading *Washington State Place Names* (Washington University Press, $6.95) by James W. Phillips. Few states have such a rich variety of names for towns, counties, rivers, mountains and areas as this one. Indian, English, French and American antecedents left their titles on nearly 1,000 towns and landmarks. A descriptive paragraph tells why the place name was bestowed upon a given site and the total make up a book of thumb-nail histories of localities in the state.

CALIFORNIA GHOST TOWNS

Vera Cauby Davis has resurrected some unusual characters who once lived in Grub Gulch, California, presently a ghost town. One of the numerous gold towns that dotted the area southwest of Yosemite National Park, it is the subject of *Fool's Gold* (Exposition-Lochinvar, $3.50). There is redeeming incisive characterization of these pioneers despite some soppy sentiment in spots. Normally a clubby community, its citizens once teamed up violently against a trio of murderous thieves and arsonists. Pinto Pete, a suave elusive stage robber, shared his loot with the needy, became marshal, and saved a schoolteacher from a rapist. Hermit Adams, the first preacher, had a rare audience of only squirrels, chipmunks and groundhogs. Three Fingered Mike, the stagecoach driver, shot a few badmen and partnered with Pinto Pete in holding up his own stage for $60,000 in gold in the strong box. Old Morrissey, another oddity, holed up on Rattlesnake Knob and brained rattlesnakes for entertainment. Civilization with schools, churches and the law caught up with Grub Gluch and tamed it. When gold played out the people left, and elements eroded the buildings and varmints took over.

★

Remi Nadeau preserves the facts and legends of a rustic era in his *Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of California* (Ward Ritchie Press, $3.75). History passes in review through illustrated well written chapters covering the gold rush, central mines, southern mines, northern

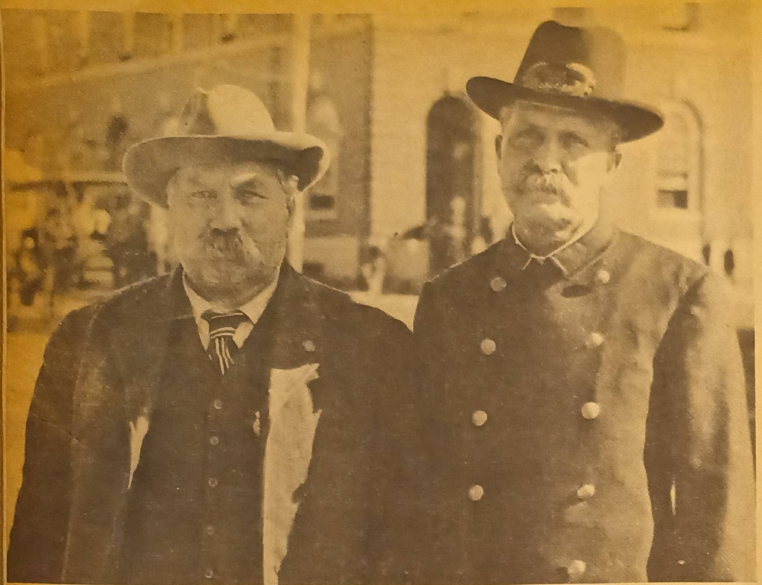
(Continued on page 66)

Tom Fuller For Breakfast and Three To A Bed

—a last leisurely ride down the cowtrails of Indian Territory before law took over

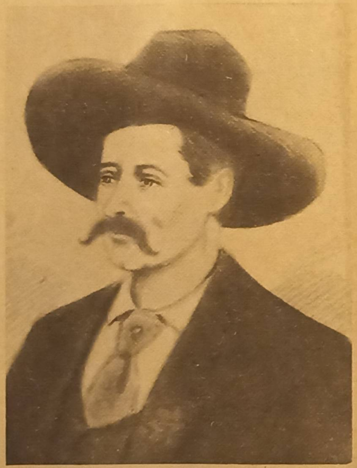
By F. M. HOVER
as told to
LEOLA LEHMAN

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society Museum

Above: Chris Madsen and Bill Tilghman, Deputy United States marshals who helped clear outlaws from the Oklahoma territories. Right: Bill Doolin (from a painting)—probably Oklahoma's most dangerous criminal during the days when outlaws from nearby states made this area their hideout.



Courtesy Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma

MEN who went into Oklahoma and came back to Arkansas had tall tales to tell about life over there. I was curious to see for myself what it was like, so early in 1901 I rode down. Oklahoma was divided into two parts then, Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory; I planned to see them both.

The morning after I left Van Buren, I met another man. He was riding a skittish little Indian pony and was on his way to Indian Territory. He knew every cow trail in that country and I was glad for his company.

We rode along and when we came to a railroad he got off his pony and looked up and down the tracks. I asked him why he did that. "Huh! This thing doesn't know a thing about a train," he said. "Might have trouble."

He got back on the pony and we rode on. Come to find out, he was just out of prison. He had been in for two years. I don't know how the law got close enough to catch him as well as he knew his way around the Territory. Slipped up on him probably. Anyway, when the time came for him to get out of prison his friends left the pony for him at a wagonyard and let him know it would be there. They were afraid to meet him because they were hiding out themselves.

We came to a place where there were three or four Sallisaw Creeks. This fellow turned off there. I told him that I wanted to go to Pauls Valley and he put me on a cow trail. That was all they had in Oklahoma then. He told me there was a big white house up ahead that would be a good place to spend the night. When I came to the farmhouse I recognized it from his description. I told the man who came to the door that I would like to put up with them. He seemed like a fine fellow. Said it would be all right for me to stay. Jones was his name.

I fed Verge, my horse, then we went into the house and ate supper. After a while Jones got up from the kitchen table.

"We're going over to the schoolhouse to a dance," he said. "Would you care to come along?"

I had been riding all day and was tired so I told him that I would pass it up. He showed me upstairs to my room and he and his wife went to the dance. I put my saddlebags in the bedroom and went downstairs for a while. I read some old newspapers they had in the living room and then went on to bed.

Next morning Jones gave me the best directions he could but it was hard to follow unfamiliar cow trails for any distance. I got lost. After a while I came to an Indian house where there were two old ladies who could speak a little English. I asked for directions to Pauls Valley. Their English was so sketchy that it wasn't long until I was lost again. About nightfall I came to a Creek Indian's house.

"It's getting late and I would like to spend the night here," I told the Indian man who was in the yard.

He nodded.

"I would like to feed my horse."

He nodded again and led the way to his corn crib. It was made of logs and had no door. There was a two-foot hole through which the corn was put into the bin; it was taken out the same way.

After we fed Verge we went into the house and his wife and her sister were there. It was a one-room house. We ate supper and it was a good one. We had fried squirrel, eggs, sweet potatoes and cornbread. When it came time to retire the Indians went over to one side of the room and talked together in their language. I could see that they were deciding where to put me. They had two beds, and when the talking was over the man pointed to one of them and told me that I was to sleep there. I went to bed and pretended not to hear all of the giggling that was going on. All three of them slept in the same bed and the girls were getting a lot of fun out of that.

NEXT MORNING we had Tom Fuller for breakfast. This is made of ground corn. Out in their yard these Indians had an oak stump which was hollowed out in a bowl shape at the top. They set a big pole in the ground nearby and fastened another pole to the top so that it worked like a pump handle. A long, rounding rock was tied to the end of the movable pole with a strip of rawhide. Then corn that had been soaked was poured into the bowl-shaped hollow in the stump. The pole was worked up and down and the rock churned the corn until it was smashed. When the corn was cooked, it tasted something like hominy grits—only better. I thought that was the best breakfast I had ever tasted.

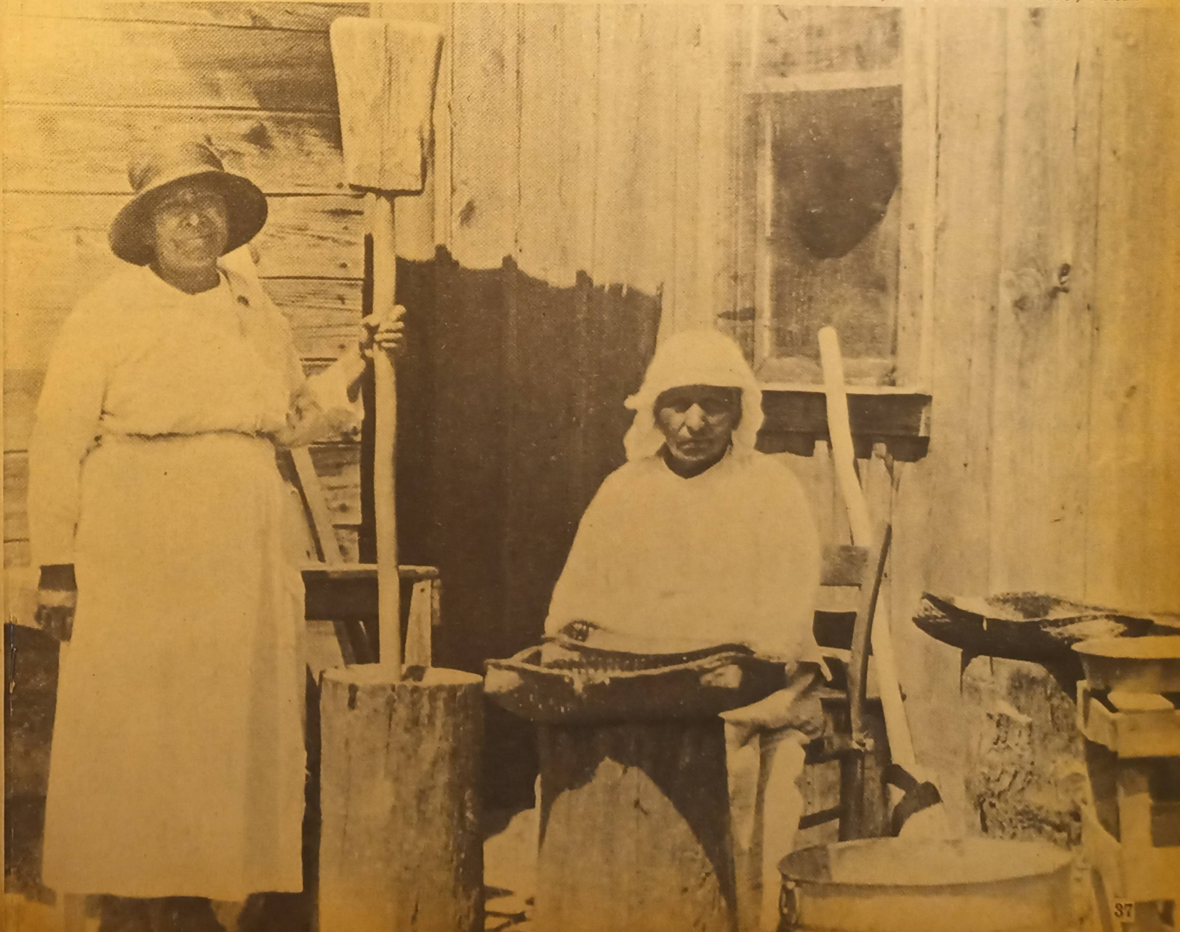
The Indian man gave me good directions when I left and I rode on into Eufala and then crossed over to Pauls Valley. Here white men farmed Indian land under lease. There were some big farms and the new land was fine for cotton, especially the bottom land. A bale to an acre was just average good there.

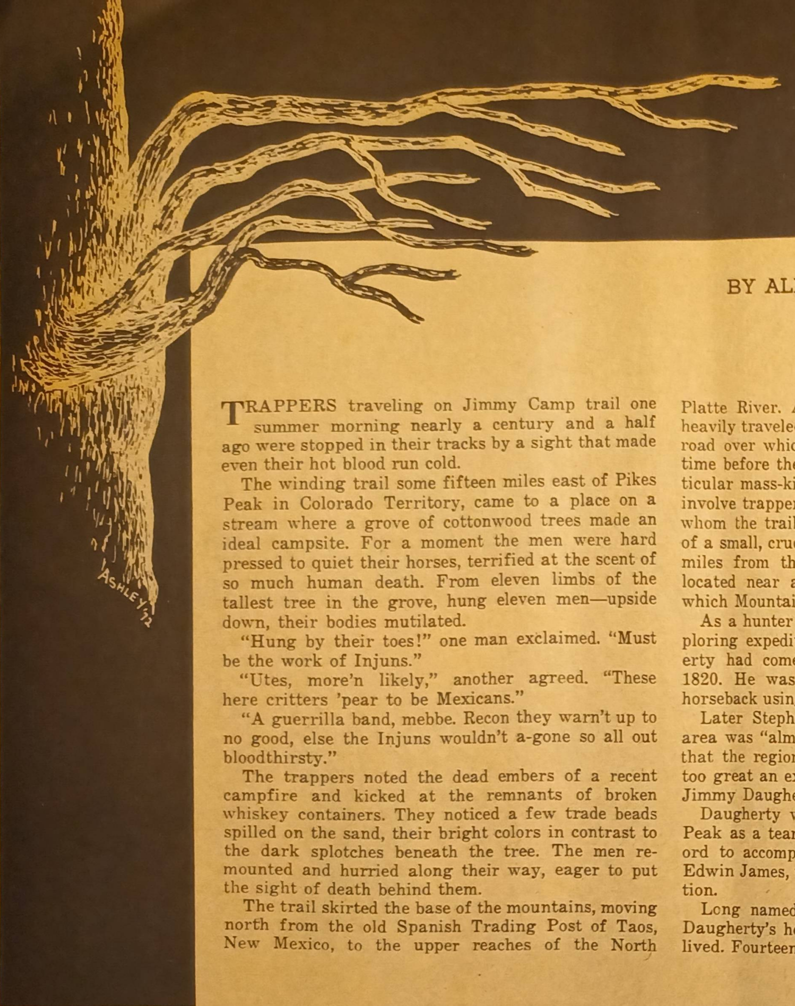
I rode around the country looking things over, and one thing I noticed was that there was not much law as we know it today. After the land openings threw parts of Oklahoma open to white settlers the law came in to some extent, but outlaws from bordering states had been

(Continued on page 56)

Creek Indian women grinding and sifting corn. The fine part of the grain was used for cornbread, and the coarse part was cooked to make sofke or Tom Fuller, as it was sometimes called.

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society Museum





ELEVEN LIMBS FOR ELEVEN KILLERS

BY ALICE WRIGHT WALLACE

Photos Courtesy Author

The renegades couldn't have guessed when they killed the helpless trader just what they were letting themselves in for. Who would have thought that the old man had friends—in warbonnets!

TRAPPERS traveling on Jimmy Camp trail one summer morning nearly a century and a half ago were stopped in their tracks by a sight that made even their hot blood run cold.

The winding trail some fifteen miles east of Pikes Peak in Colorado Territory, came to a place on a stream where a grove of cottonwood trees made an ideal campsite. For a moment the men were hard pressed to quiet their horses, terrified at the scent of so much human death. From eleven limbs of the tallest tree in the grove, hung eleven men—upside down, their bodies mutilated.

"Hung by their toes!" one man exclaimed. "Must be the work of Injuns."

"Utes, more'n likely," another agreed. "These here critters 'pear to be Mexicans."

"A guerrilla band, mebbe. Recon they warn't up to no good, else the Injuns wouldn't a-gone so all out bloodthirsty."

The trappers noted the dead embers of a recent campfire and kicked at the remnants of broken whiskey containers. They noticed a few trade beads spilled on the sand, their bright colors in contrast to the dark splotches beneath the tree. The men remounted and hurried along their way, eager to put the sight of death behind them.

The trail skirted the base of the mountains, moving north from the old Spanish Trading Post of Taos, New Mexico, to the upper reaches of the North Platte River. Although one day it would become a heavily traveled highway, in the 1830s it was a lonely road over which news traveled slowly. It was some time before the details of events preceding this particular mass-killing were known and they proved to involve trapper trader Jimmy Hayes Daugherty, for whom the trail was named. Jimmy's camp consisted of a small, crudely constructed cabin built just a few miles from the cottonwood grove. The camp was located near a fine spring, beneath a mesa upon which Mountain and Plains Indians hunted.

As a hunter with a United States government exploring expedition under Stephen H. Long, Daugherty had come to this Rocky Mountain region in 1820. He was one of nineteen men traveling on horseback using pack animals to carry supplies.

Later Stephen Long officially reported that the area was "almost wholly unfit for cultivation," and that the region "may serve as a barrier to prevent too great an extension of our population westward." Jimmy Daugherty disagreed with his chief.

Daugherty was one of three men to climb Pikes Peak as a team. They were the first whites on record to accomplish the feat. One of the party, Dr. Edwin James, was the historian of the Long Expedition.

Long named the great height "James Peak" in Daugherty's honor, but the tribute was to be short-lived. Fourteen years before, Zebulon Pike had sighted the majestic mountain which was to bear his name. Pike and some of his soldiers tried to reach the rock-strewn summit in November 1806, but the men were ill prepared for the cold and snow which overtook them, forcing them back to base camp without attaining their goal. In spite of this failure, the peak was to carry Pike's name. Men in the Colorado gold rush of 1859 made it stick.

IT wasn't until 1833 that Jimmy Daugherty headed west from St. Louis again. With a substantial amount of trade goods and whiskey, he made the journey over prairies dotted with buffaloes and wild horses, and set up his post in the very shadow of the picturesque mountain.

At that time an occasional trapper or trader followed the trail near Jimmy's Camp, unmolested. The Indians who frequented the surrounding region seldom bothered the white men. Later, the influx of gold seekers, roving at will over Indian home lands, caused bitter fighting between the two races.

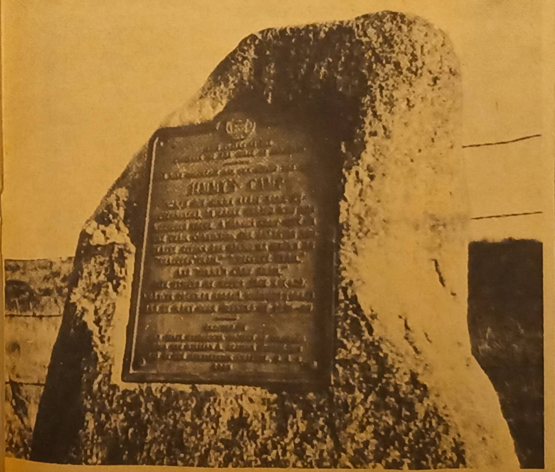
Jimmy did a thriving trade with the game and fur pelts for trinkets and Indians. Both Utes and Arapahoes traded firewater. When the snows melted, and travel was impossible in the spring, Jimmy would make the annual trek back to St. Louis to deliver pelts to Astor Fur Company which employed him.

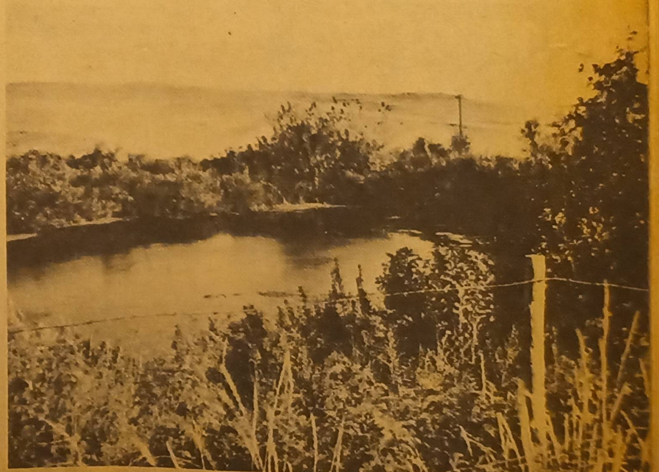
It became his custom upon returning home to build a huge fire on the mesa behind his camp. This was a signal to the Indians that he was back at the store

(Continued on page 45)

Photos furnished Author by the State Historical Society of Colorado

Below: Fur trapper with Red River cart, in State Historical Society of Colorado Museum. Opposite page, left: Marker locating Jimmy's Camp, El Paso County, Colorado. Lower right: Jimmy's Camp spring and lake. Top right: Distant view of Pikes Peak.





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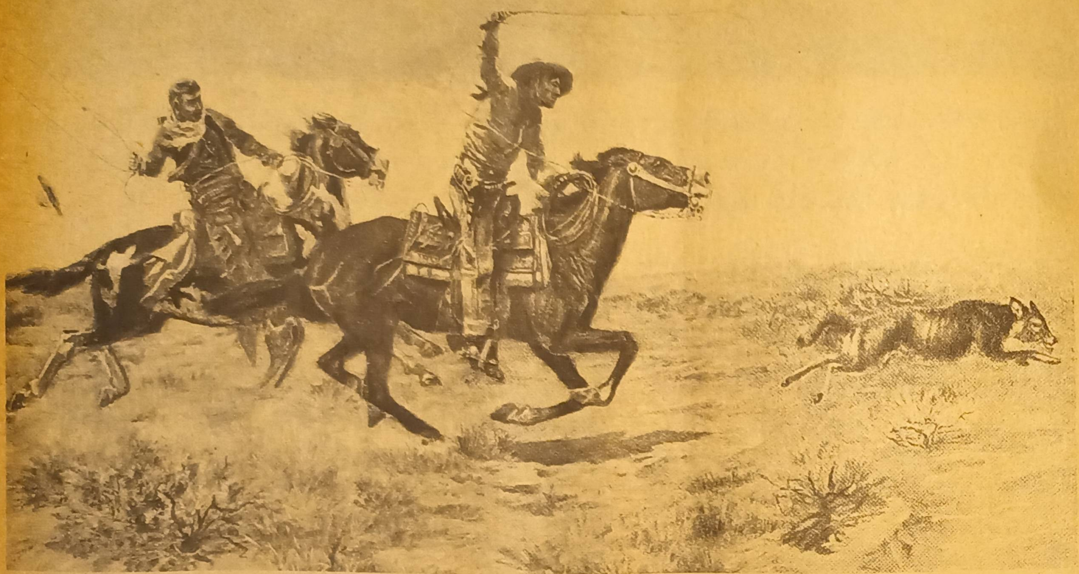

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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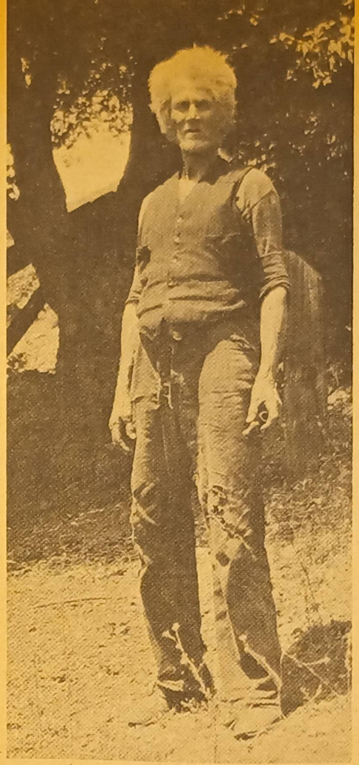


Top left: Alfred K. Clark (Uncle Al), Big Sur's legend of legends. Top right: Al's "completed" cabin, taken in early '30s after his death. The Geers and Days, early Big Sur families, in front with their pack mules. Middle right: A rusty stove pipe, all that remains of Uncle Al's homestead. Lower right: The late Al Geer and his daughter Ruby packing into the Silver King.

Secret Coves And Lost Worlds

(Continued from page 21)

bites—blind fish that lose their body pigment due to the length of time they have lived in darkness.

The icicle-type formations on the ceilings of the chambers could be stalactites and the cone-shaped objects on the floors could be stalagmites. These strange and awesomely beautiful formations are often found in caves where there is a high content of lime, and are formed from the evaporations of dripping mineralized water.

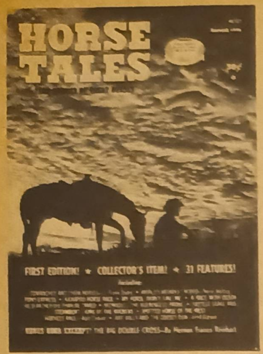
The stone flowers seen on the walls could be what are commonly referred to as gypsum flowers—so called because of the petal-like appearance produced as selenite extrudes from cave walls, taking the shape of tiger lilies or flowers of a similar nature.

The shiny objects that reflected Clark's light could have been caused by a variety of different things, the most probable explanation being that the wall contained flakes of different minerals—silver included.

The prehistoric animal paintings most probably depict the mammoth or mastodon and the saber-tooth tiger. These creatures are known to have roamed the California area before becoming extinct. Other pictographs have been found on cave walls in close proximity to Clark's underground chambers, but none shows any resemblance to creatures of great antiquity.

The mortar holes on the cavern floor only add additional interest to an un-

(Continued next page)



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believable subterranean world once inhabited by a forgotten culture.

When Clark finished with his tale, he told how he carefully sealed the chamber and spent the remainder of his days keeping strangers away from his lost world.

Not long after the old prospector's death the Geer family moved to Clark's homestead. They searched and searched for the entrance to the Silver King, but when they finally discovered it, it was caved in. All attempts to reopen the shaft proved futile.

With the passing of years numerous additional attempts have been made to clear the mine and to discover the natural entrance to the underground chambers. Many Indian artifacts have been found in the process, and there are ridges that produce a strange hollow echo when horses gallop across, but to date there is no positive proof of a hidden world of enormous caverns.

The homestead was eventually sold and the Geer family reluctantly moved on, but one member of this pioneer family (who now resides on the Monterey Peninsula) had the foresight to retain mineral rights. Through these rights Uncle Al Clark's lost world lives on; attempts are still being made to locate the entrance. One day, if sheer perseverance is the key, this Big Sur legend of legends may reveal its secrets to the world.

Sanders of Turkey Creek

(Continued from page 17)

sighted. Completely unnerved, the guard hurriedly descended and began to run at full speed, not thinking to warn the workers. A short time later the braves were sighted by the father and son. Wasting no time, Bill, with rifle in hand, scrambled under a nearby mesquite. As the riders approached, John Sanders stayed at his post, calmly filing the saw. Amazed at the complete indifference shown them, the leader of the Indians came close to John and muttered in broken English, "You brave man." Then riding down the valley the party disappeared from view.

A few months after this incident, soldiers arrived. Patrols from Fort Bowie had set up a heliograph station on the nearby Blank Hills. (The ruins are still distinguishable today.) Generals Miles and Crook were frequent visitors to the small settlement.

The presence of troopers in the area caused much of the Indian trouble to cease, and in 1886 Geronimo surrendered to Crook near Skeleton Canyon. A concrete shaft has been erected eight miles from the surrender site. It can be viewed by travelers on the highway north of Douglas, Arizona.

BILL SANDERS was not a teetotaler by choice or nature. Strong whiskey was always available in the camps along the freighting routes. Saloons such as "The Oriental," "The Crystal Palace," and "Haffords" in Tombstone knew Bill as a frequent customer. After the long, two-day trip from home these refreshment stops were a welcome sight.

Here congregated the famous and the infamous. Bill knew Wyatt and Virgil Earp and their deadly friend Doc Holliday. Here he drank with John Ringo and Curly Bill. To quote Bill Sanders in later years: "I'd trust Curly and Ringo a hell of a lot farther than the likes of that damned Earp bunch." (This opinion seemed to be expressed by many of the citizens.)

Once, while playing cards in a Willcox saloon, Bill witnessed a shooting scrape between two of the patrons. When bullets began to fly he made a quick move from his table and climbed inside a huge log-burning stove. Luckily, it was summer! From inside his fortress, Bill could hear the sounds of leaden balls smashing flat against the cast iron. When the combatants were at last calmed down, Sanders emerged from his refuge, very thankful that he was unscathed.

Meeting Effie Davidson was a turning point in Bill's life. Effie was the daughter of "Pinto" Davidson. Pinto derived his name from the fact that his handlebar mustache possessed more than one color. With Mr. Davidson acting as chaperon, Bill courted Effie for a year. After the period of courtship was completed, the young couple married in Willcox, and Bill took his bride back to Turkey Creek. Their log house was built one mile east of the present home ranch.

Over the years Bill and Effie had twelve children— six boys and six girls. One boy, Albert, two years old, and a girl, Helen, three months, died as infants and are buried on a small hill overlooking the house.

The fourth child, Will, was born in April 1896. That same year, Bill Sanders filed claim to another 160 acres west of his cabin. A few years later he was deeded an entire section.

On July 13, 1882 Bill was hauling timbers to the mines at Tombstone. At the present intersection of the Turkey Creek and the Chiricahua Mountain roads, a horseman approached. The rider was noted to be John Ringo, in a drunken state and apparently on his way to Galeyville. Bill Sanders waved his greeting but got no response. Ringo, slumping in the saddle, continued on his way up the trail. Five miles farther west, where Highway 666 now crosses the Sunizona road, Sanders sighted another rider. As he approached, the horseman proved to be Frank Leslie. Leslie was known, by merit of his attire, as "Buckskin Frank." He had already achieved notoriety as a gunman and killer, and was employed as a part-time bartender at the Oriental in Tombstone.

After greetings were exchanged, Leslie asked Sanders if he had seen Ringo. The teamster replied that he had seen him five miles back. When last observed, Leslie was riding at a fast pace toward Turkey Creek.

In the early evening of the same day, the wife of "Coyote" Smith heard a shot about a half-mile from her house, but knowing that her boys were hunting, she paid no particular attention to the report.

The next morning, John Yost, another freighter, discovered the body of John Ringo. He was sitting beneath a five-trunked oak, his body facing west and his head slumped to the right. In his right hand he held a .45 caliber Colt revolver, and against the tree leaned his model 1876 Winchester rifle. A bullet had entered his right temple, tearing out much of his hair and scalp in its deadly path. His pistol held one empty and five loaded cartridges in its cylinder. The rifle contained ten cartridges in the magazine and one in the breech. Coyote Smith's young son, Henry, who had viewed the body, noted the lack of powder burns on Ringo's temple. Although John Ringo's death was reportedly suicide, one cannot help but speculate as to Leslie's part in the affair.

Johnny rests today in the shade of the same giant oak, only a few feet from where the body was found. The grave is located on the present Sanders ranch. At the head of a pile of rocks is one large boulder bearing the simple inscription "John Ringo—July 13, 1882." Thus ended the life of this mysterious gunman.

MANY TIMES the mill camps of Morse Canyon were visited by outlaws on their way to Galeyville. Bill Sanders noticed that they always collected in specific groups, and the groups did not intermingle. This appears to have an element of frontier "snobbery." Each bunch carried its own cooking facilities. Hard-tack biscuits were a mainstay and simple to prepare. A canvas was laid out on the ground, and the ingredients placed upon it and mixed into dough. Baking was done over a campfire in a collapsible oven.

Personal belongings of the millhands were kept openly in their tents. None of this property was ever noted to be misused or stolen. Effie Sanders frequently stayed alone at the mill location. She is quoted as saying, "The boys from Galeyville treated me with utmost respect and courtesy."

Time flew for the Sanders family. John lived with Bill and Effie and their children. An adobe house was built on the new section, and all had a feeling of security and contentment. Then catastrophe struck.

Miners working at the 850-foot level of the "Sulpheret" shafts stuck their picks into what proved to be a subterranean river. In time, water filled the mines and seeped through fissures to other claims. Although pumps were installed, nothing could halt the deluge.

Another hole, called the "Boomshaft," was sunk in an attempt to drain the water. This, too, ended in failure. After much expense, the pumps were stopped. Today their rusted ruins are resting in their graves. The great mines of Tombstone shut down.

Due to the lack of work, the miners and most of the townspeople moved elsewhere. The streets of the town were deserted. Saloons closed their doors, and dust collected on the expensive glassware and fixtures. The click of faro chips was heard no more. Roulette wheels that witnessed the betting of thousands on one turn were still. Mesquite grew through the boardwalks on Allen Street. Many of the adobe buildings returned to

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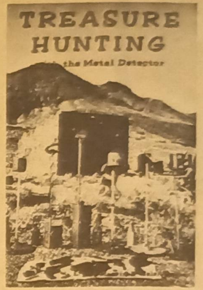

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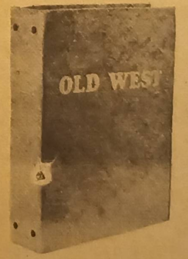

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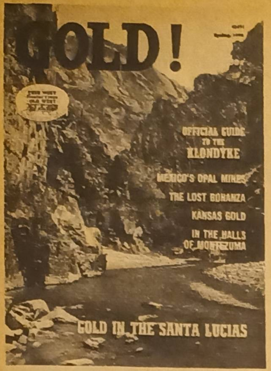

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the earth from which they were born. Tombstone had sung its song—all that remained was silence.

John and Bill Sanders directed their attention to the big copper mines at Bisbee. Some timbering was used there, but only in limited quantities. Open pits had replaced most of the underground shafts.

One day John, still active as a driver, took a load of timber to the Copper Queen mine in Bisbee. He had hitched the horses and was helping the mine employes unload the wagon, when the horses suddenly bolted. John climbed to the seat and, taking the reins in hand, tried to calm the frightened animals. Again the team bolted, throwing John to the ground and crushing him under the heavy wheels. All efforts to save the stricken freighter were fruitless.

John Sanders died without again seeing his beloved canyon on Turkey Creek. He lies buried in the Bisbee cemetery. A plain white stone marks his grave.

WITH the discovery of ore, high in the Chiricahuas, Bill discontinued milling operations and moved the family to the new diggings at Paradise. The town was built one mile from old Galeyville. At the time of the Sanders' arrival, stamp mills were already pounding their stiff-legged dance over the paying ore. The then-young Will recalled many events that happened in the old camp.

It was a typical boom town. Bill staked out several small claims, but they proved to be only worthless holes in the Arizona soil. He then took employment as a stage driver. The old Concord could be seen daily snaking its way over the treacherous mountain trails on the run to Rodeo. Paying passengers underwent many long, jolting, and hair-raising rides under the whip of Bill Sanders.

After three years disaster struck again. The rich ore pockets proved to be only surface deep. Mining operations stopped and Paradise sank into oblivion. Not terribly discouraged, Bill returned to the home ranch to try his luck at what was called "dry farming." The procedure was to sow the seed, then pray for rain. Moisture was so scarce in those desert regions, that often the crops would germinate, stalk, then wither and die.

Several seemingly worthless lots, owned by Bill near Bisbee, were sold. He received in payment a wagon and a team of horses. Only a few months later, with the discovery of new copper deposits, the same lots brought $25,000.

In the early 1900s the El Paso Southwestern and the Southern Pacific Railways built their lines to Courtland. Borrowing some money, Sanders bought lots in the town, then started in the feed and firewood business. His young sons brought wood from the old camps to supply their inventory. But Courtland's life was a short one, too. Its contribution to the railroading industry was almost nil. The steam engines left; the tracks were removed; the old depot was moved to a nearby ranch, later to be used as a dance hall. Bill's holdings in Courtland were deemed worthless, and again he returned to the homestead. Other than the ranch, his entire assets at this point were a wagon and one blue roan.

Resuming operations at the mill camps, Bill sold posts to the valley ranchers. The family income was augmented by employment at the Chiricahua Cattle Company. The stock of this famous outfit could be seen grazing for miles over the valley. Their distinguishable brand was the familiar CCC—one on the cheek, one on the shoulder, and another burned on the rump. These herds were unrivaled except by those of the famous San Bernardino ranch owned by John Slaughter. "Texas" John had achieved fame as the fighting sheriff of Cochise County. (The vast lands of the Triple C are now subdivided into smaller spreads; the fortress-like ranch buildings have crumbled and disappeared.)

Bill's son, Ray, not choosing ranch life, went to work for the big copper mines in Bisbee. This span of employment was to last twenty-nine years until his life was eventually snuffed out by "miners' consumption."

Sybil Sanders sought work at the home of Coyote Smith, and under the strict supervision of Mrs. Smith performed the many tedious household tasks. The Smith boys, Butch, Al, and Henry, conforming to their mother's wishes, had remained bachelors, but Sybil soon won the attentions and heart of Henry. Against the opposition of Mrs. Smith, the two were married. Sybil was thirty years old and her husband was twenty years her senior. He was later to be affectionately known as "Uncle Henry." And although the couple had no children the marriage was a happy one.

WITH the remaining supply of timber diminishing, the mill camps were forced to move to higher and more dangerous altitudes. Accidents were frequent, and one contributed to the further diminishing of the original family members.

After one long and tiring day, Effie Sanders' elderly father was attempting to drive his team and wagon to the lower valley. Bill's attempt to forestall the journey was ignored by Mr. Davidson. While descending the steep trails, the wagon and team plunged over a precipice and carried "Pinto" to his death.

In 1921, at the age of twenty-five, Bill's son Will was attracted to the local schoolteacher. After they were married, Will was persuaded to go to Iowa and help his father-in-law who owned a farm there, and whose land was being unsuccessfully share-cropped.

Will sent Mary on ahead, for he had the problem of transporting his machines and mules with very limited funds. Finally he rented a railroad boxcar at the little town of Pierce, and partitioned it into two sections by hanging a canvas from floor to ceiling. Half of the car was for the animals and the remaining half for himself.

The departure date fell on a cold February day. As the train rolled farther north and east, the weather became worse. Many times the wooden car was backed into the sidings of switch yards, giving priority to the scheduled manifests. To sleep was difficult; to keep warm, almost impossible. In desperation Will decided to move into the section occupied by the animals. Astride the back of one of the mules, Bill wrapped his feet around the animal's belly, somewhat relieving the possibility of his freezing to death.

Due to Will's efforts, the Iowa farm was eventually put on a paying basis. The Midwest never held too much appeal for the native Arizonian, and he continually longed for his mountain home. After eight long years Will and Mary returned to the Southwest.

Four years later, Mary died. Will lost his father in 1932 but his mother lived for another thirty years, dying at age ninety-one.

During all the long trouble-filled years, during the depression and after, Will Sanders was intent upon and successful in holding the ranch together. At his death its management passed into the hands of his nephew Jerry.

Every year tourists come to the Sanders property to visit the grave of Johnny Ringo. On the guest register can be seen many familiar names: Billy Breakenridge, at one time a deputy under John Behan; Ken Maynard, western movie star; Robert Boller, last surviving member of the Ringo coroners jury.

And though the crack of the bullwhip and the curses of the skinners have long since faded, their presence remains in this land—and will always remain as long as the descendants of these hardy people inhabit the canyons of the Chiricahuas.

Eleven Limbs

(Continued from page 39)

and that their business was welcome. Although the mountain tribes, the Utes, were constantly at war with the Plains Indians, the occasion of Jimmy's return to camp provided a sort of unspoken truce. Sighting the signal, the red men would hasten to the trader's cabin. There had been many moons of this friendly relationship, and once more it came time for the welcome bonfire to be seen. Ute hunters had sighted Jimmy homeward bound on a laden cart. After an interval of waiting, and still no homecoming smoke had been sighted on the mesa, a band of Utes rode to Jimmy's camp. As they neared the dwelling they were halted by a shocking sight. The lifeless, cruelly butchered body of their friend, Jimmy Hayes Daugherty, lay on the cabin's threshold.

There was a long silence as each Indian thought of his personal loss of a friend—and knew, too, that now there would be no more beads and trinkets, no more coffee or clothing, in exchange for their pelts.

At that time what is now the State of Colorado was divided into three parts. Only the northeast section was United States Territory. A good slice through the middle was claimed by Texas, while the western third was Mexican territory. Bands of lawless Mexican guerrillas wandered across boundaries to rob and kill. It was such a band that had come into Jimmy's Camp.

THE murderers' tracks could be seen going southward from the cabin and entering Trapper's Trail. The outraged Utes were quick to follow. At sundown they approached the juncture of a sandy creek (since called Jimmy Creek) and the Fountainne qui Bouille (the Fountain) where they sighted a group of Mexicans camped beneath a huge cottonwood tree.

The Utes hid themselves and angrily watched the assassins drink of Jimmy Daugherty's whiskey while they pawed over a pile of stolen trinkets and trade goods. When darkness came and the camp fire burned low, giving them the advantage of being hard to see, the Indians moved in to perform their bloody act of vengeance.

After the last body swung from a tree limb, the Indians returned to Jimmy's camp and buried his body beneath the cabin floor. There is a legend about their placing over the body a flat stone on which was carved a crude picture of horror.

Jimmy's cabin crumbled into ruins though the spring remained a favorite watering and camping place. Scores now followed the trail which had, through use, widened to accommodate larger wagons and more of them. Famous people such as General John C. Fremont stopped at the spring. The site was visited by Rufus Sage in 1842, and Francis Parkman in 1846. The gold rush to the Rockies of 1859 brought thousands over the trail.

Later the area around Jimmy's Camp became cattle country. Stagecoaches traveled the road, stopping at a ranch house which had been built on the campsite.

By this time the Indians had been banished from their native land and confined to faraway reservations, but tales of yesterday were passed from generation to generation. One of the favorites of the Utes was the telling of their ancestors' avenging a white man's death—a rare occurrence. It was a special tribute paid to the first permanent white settler in what is now El Paso County, Colorado, home of the United States Air Force Academy.

Barbed-wire fences today mark boundary lines and confine fat cattle feeding in the area. A short distance away, on U.S. Highway 24, a huge boulder with a bronze plaque marks the famous trail and campsite. It was erected in 1949 by the State Historical Society of Colorado and the Kinnikinnik Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of Colorado Springs.

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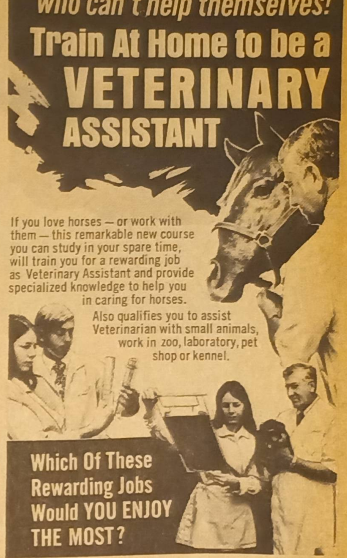

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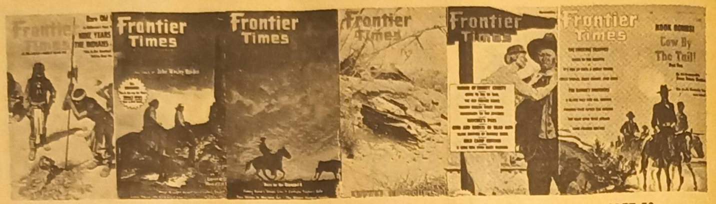
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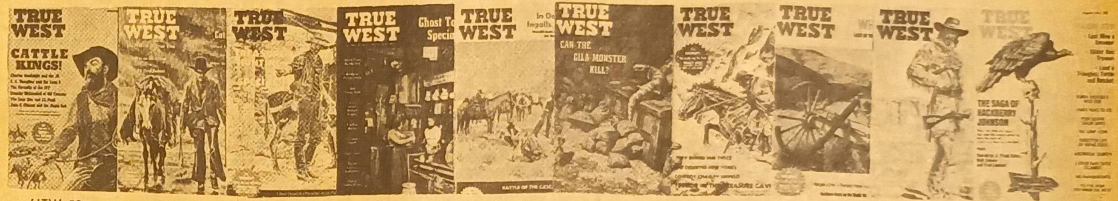
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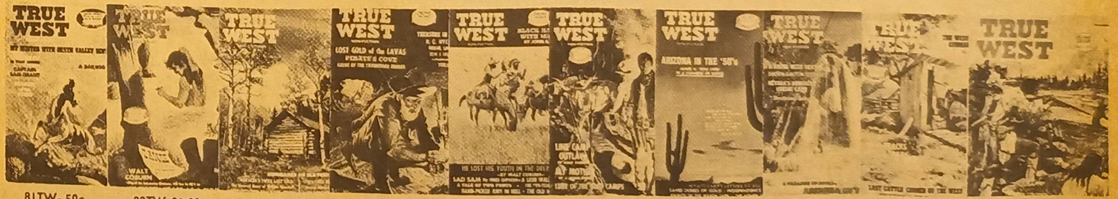
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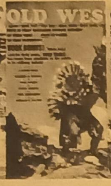
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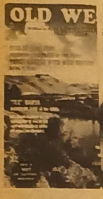
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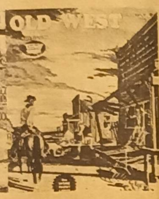
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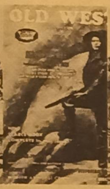
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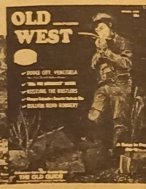
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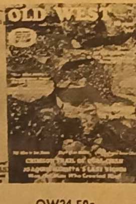
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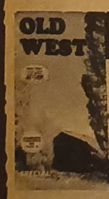
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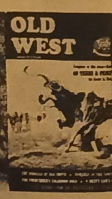
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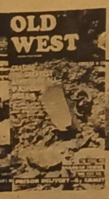
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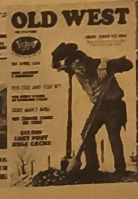
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The Story of Finlay Booth

(Continued from page 12)

stars are now nodding affectionately to each other, shaking hands with the wind, and smiling upon the glistening earth; but there still lives a warden of the plains to witness the ruin of that stern November night. By the light of the open sky the rescue party found their way back, and Finlay could see the bush that skirted the Boyne. In his terrible condition he stumbled along to the river, touching it at the old Grant Bridge near the present home of Absalom Clarke.

Tired, hungry, with both hands and feet frozen, and burning with thirst, he did his best to break the ice to get a drink, but failing this, he ate snow to satisfy both hunger and thirst. By this time the frost had gone to his wrists and ankles. Cold is so much like its foe, heat, when once it attacks the flesh, the tendency is to go deeper and deeper. In a most excruciating condition he trudged his weary way along to the new home, a distance of at least eight miles from where he was frozen. . . .

None had slept any the past night, and concern was felt as they anxiously awaited his footstep. When the rescue party returned the situation was unbearable. His father had determined to go himself at daybreak to search for the boy, and was in the act of saddling the horse when Finlay presented himself at the cabin door. His mother was the first to discover the seriousness of the case.

The moment the frozen parts came in contact with the heat the irritation that was set up was simply unbearable. Finlay's improvised nurses were not long in setting to work to alleviate the pain, and the first application was of snow and cold water. The process was very slow, but sure, and all the time and attention at first had been devoted to his hands and face; it had not occurred to them that his feet might be frozen.

When the attendants attempted to remove the moccasins they were horrified to find that they were actually frozen to the feet, and the limbs themselves were frozen half way to the knees.

POOR FINLAY was very brave, and thought if it was only a matter of bearing pain he would compel his nerves to endure the torture while he waited for his strong body to drive vitality into the frozen members.

Many weary days dragged along, while everyone looked anxiously and waited impatiently to see the limbs revive. There was no medical aid to be had nearer than Winnipeg. Finally it was agreed that Dr. Turner should be called out to examine the case. A very close inspection was made of the frozen parts, and the sound parts of the body were also examined with a view to finding if the patient would be able to stand the amputation. Everything was far worse than poor Finlay had imagined, for the long days of suffering had so weakened him that while it was certain he could not save his limbs, it was even doubtful if he could live—with or without them.

The doctor told him his hands would have to come off. Who could imagine what a blow this was to him? He was young, ambitious, and full of grit. It was a challenge to his spirit of independence, for it meant to him the most helpless slavery. A sharp battle set in. He had not allowed himself to entertain the thought for a moment up to this time, nor would he hear of such a proposition from anyone. Finlay rebelled; he said, "No, you shall not touch them; I will die first."

Ah! but the logic of pain is convincing; it compels the reason to consider, and forces its arbitrary conclusions upon us. There are a great many things that words cannot describe: joy and pain are two of them. The poverty of language is very conspicious here. . . . Finlay's sufferings were so far beyond endurance that his ordinary moaning and groaning would burst into screams that could be heard at a great distance; these spasms would often be followed by long spells of unconsciousness. Think of the shock he must have felt when, one morning, while removing the bandages, his nose and part of his mouth fell into his mother's hands, and he found his face in the awfully disfigured condition it is in at the present day. This dreadful loss was a hard blow to him, and he was so shaken up that for some time he began to think that "to die would be gain." The case was intensified when he began to apprehend the possibility of other frozen parts going the same way . . . .

From November 29, 1871, to January 27, 1872, a period of sixty days, many of Finlay's hopes had flown, and he was rapidly being convinced that he could not save his limbs. . . . No anesthetics or opiates were used during all this time, and it was a gallant fight between life and death. Finally Dr. Turner was again called out from Winnipeg, and after administering chloroform amputated Finlay's two hands and the right foot. When these three limbs were amputated, the doctor said it was useless to proceed, for his vitality was so low "his life was not worth a penny." During the night the poor fellow revived, and the doctor took off the other foot, which left him the shapeless and limbless creature you see.

A few neighbors witnessed the operation, all of whom had shown much kindness and displayed very great sympathy for the sufferer; they were Samuel Kennedy, John Nelson Kennedy, and James Stevenson.

FINLAY'S pain was now practically over; his system had a rest from the hopeless conflict; the waste of strength was stopped. By the 15th of March he was able to sit up; but eating and drinking were tasks more impossible to him than to an infant in the crib. Here, as in all human history, his ministering angel was his mother. She had been to the rescue at every turn so far, and now it seemed that her son was to be thrown back upon her care as helpless as when he was first placed upon her knee.

Mrs. Booth dressed, fed and bathed Finlay day after day. While this tedious process was going on, he was considering more seriously than ever the dismal outlook for such a helpless cripple, and began to wonder what suicide would be like. It is always one thing to think of suicide and quite another thing to commit it. There was too much real courage about Finlay to give up in such hopeless despair, so he began to consider the alternative—helping himself. He decided that these stubs must do something for the rest of the body, and immediately set them to work to convey a cup of tea to his mouth. This was the first attempt at independence, and if several successive failures had daunted him, he would have been found today sitting at the knees of some nurse, being fed with a spoon. But reward followed perseverance, and it was not long before he could serve himself tea and successfully feed himself.

Finlay was then moving about on his knees with surprising alacrity. It was about this time when an incident occurred which in itself was not very significant, but which served to open up to his mind greater possibilities. A flock of prairie chickens had lighted on a tree nearby the old log stable. (For the information of those outside our province we might say that it is only during the first frosts and snow that these birds light on any high object except the grain shocks, their habits being rather to drop into the long grass or scrub to evade their pursuer. Two objects are thus gained by the instinct of these birds: first, they are hidden by the cover; and second, they are so near the color of their cover that they can scarcely be distinguished from the grass.) These stables of earlier days must have special mention here, for even in Manitoba very few of them remain. At each end of these buildings the logs were allowed to protrude beyond the walls. The reason for this Grecian style of architecture we are not able to give.

Finlay overheard one of his sisters say she would like to have one of those chickens for dinner, and he at once began to measure his possibilities of manipulating the old family gun. There was no other man about but knowing that the gun was always kept loaded, Finlay thought he could manage to hold it dead on the bird if one of the girls would pull the trigger. He chose one of those protruding logs for a rest, and the whole scheme was carried out with remarkable success. This feat so encouraged Finlay that he at once invented a contrivance by which he was able to pull the trigger, himself, and soon became one of the best shots in the settlement . . . .

AS YET Finlay had no other means of locomotion than merely shuffling about on his knees, and his misfortune had become pretty widely known. Some of his old acquaintances in Winnipeg presented his case to some prosperous citizens, and the consequence was that Reverend Dr. Young, Methodist missionary; J. H. Ashdown, wholesale and retail hardware dealer, and Mr. McDougall of the Queen's Hotel, secured sufficient funds to purchase a pair of artificial limbs for him.

"I imagined," says Finlay, "that those artificial limbs would know as much about walking as my own limbs that I lost." Of course, he thought they should have been tested as to their running power in the same way that a "traction engine" is tested before it is sent out

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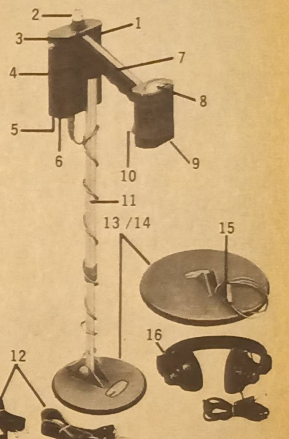

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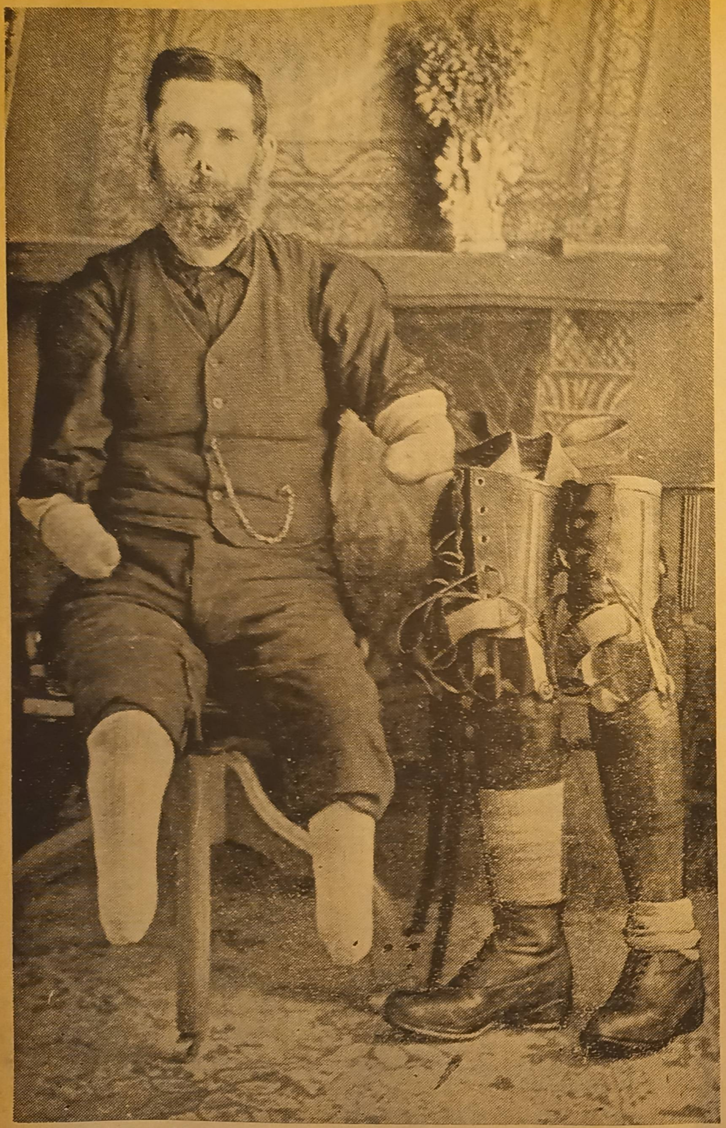

Finlay Booth seated beside his artificial legs. He wore out several pairs during his life, doing without at times until he could earn enough money for new ones.

from the shops. His idea, also, in adjusting them was that the tighter they were buckled to his stumps the more likely the new legs would be impressed with the fact they were to be a part of the limb, and do exactly what the old ones did. He also imagined that when he sent his orders down to "go," the new limbs would "repeat" the message, and it would be a start.

It did not work; the orders were returned from the ends of the stubs, and the feet at first would not move. It was all his mistake, as he afterwards discovered; he had not taken into consideration the question of time, for when he was about to stoop down to give them a little slack, they started off. After going up and down—mostly down—for a few minutes, they then tried the forward and backward motion, mostly the later, until Finlay came to the conclusion that by mistake he had ordered a back-action pair, or else they had been made for a stage actor who always backed off the platform!

Finlay says that when the backward and forward motion began, it was as if he had suddenly stepped on a belt running in the opposite direction—or like jumping off a moving train, when the novice is immediately transformed into a sort of snow-plough or turnpike shovel. Finlay says stilt-walking and roller-skating were merely recreation exercise alongside this new walking business. He went up and down, forward and backward and round, at precisely the same moment of time.

Finally the unruly underpinnings were subdued, and their new master spent very many happy days together. For a long time, however, the new limbs were not permitted to stay in the same room as their master, and were compelled to spend the night outside. It is not exactly known why this was; one theory is that it was hoped it would improve their disposition to keep them cool at night; the other is, that it was a case of sweet revenge to play a joke on the mosquitoes!

AFTER six years' service the artificial limbs wore out. Not being able to procure a new pair, Finlay had to resort to the old mode of travel—walking on his knees.

To earn some money for a new pair he began by assisting at the chores about home.

In the fall of 1879 he made a brilliant record for himself by hiring to a farmer, Angus McLellan, for $1.00 per day to pitch sheaves. He smiles all over his face yet when he relates the story, and tells that when Mr. McLellan paid him off he said, "Well, Booth, you earned your money."

For five long years Booth moved about on his knees. In the spring of 1880 the Herd Law was introduced, compelling farmers to herd their cattle, so as to protect the unfenced crops while the crops were standing. This was found to be considerably cheaper and more satisfactory to the farmers than fencing their enormous fields; that is, it was cheaper to fence in the cattle than to fence in the crops. The least expensive way to dispose of the cattle question was by all the neighbors putting their stock into a bunch, hiring a man to herd them. This was a great opportunity for Finlay. He applied for the position and got it.

Finlay at once secured his outfit—a pony at $40 and a borrowed saddle—and had a band of eighty cattle to begin with. This was a good financial enterprise, and he was able to pay for his pony the day the note fell due.

Most of his first herd were procured from his neighbors, Ardongton and Ostander. He had a tent, where he took his dinner. A little stool had to be carried along so he could mount his pony. This stool, however, was only needed for a brief season, as he became so expert in this work that he fed, bridled, saddled, and mounted his pony alone, and could spring from his knees anywhere off the ground and mount his steed.

Three years' herding so remunerated him that he was able to go to Ontario, where he purchased the second pair of limbs from a gentleman in Drayton for the sum of eighty dollars. These were very inferior articles and only served him a short time.

After his second pair of limbs gave out, poor Booth went to his knees again. His ambition ran a little too high, and he worked so hard that great sores were made on his knees—which necessitated his quitting work altogether or securing another pair in some way.

In 1884 he sold his pony and saddle to Mac DeMill of Carman for forty dollars, and again went to Ontario. This time his express purpose was to interest an old friend of his in purchasing a pair of limbs for him or lending him the money. For some reason or other his plan failed to carry, and he was reduced to sore distress—being away from home, unable to do anything for himself, and not possessing money to return.

The thought of begging often presented itself to his mind, but it was promptly dismissed. Also it had often been suggested to him that he could make a good living selling himself to a showman or hiring to a menagerie troupe. Finlay was manly and independent—he would not beg; he was noble and honorable—he would not sell himself to be looked at. One other way was open to Finlay, and he took it.

He went to Port Huron, where a supply of pocket combs, court-plasters, jack-knives, etc., was purchased for a small sum, and then he "took the road."

FINLAY as yet had not been tossed about much in the world; at any rate he had not seen all phases of humanity as he was about to see them in the succeeding months. In his peregrinations he began to meet good and bad, high and low, tender and coarse, generous and selfish. From Port Huron he touched every town as far as Flint, then back by East Saginaw and Bay City to Detroit, thus traversing most of the southern part of the State of Michigan.

At the end of two weeks he had made sixty dollars. He was often offered liquor, but in every case refused it, and he attributes his success largely to the fact that he refused to drink and thus squander his hard-earned money in dissipation or needless indulgences.

At one place the hotel-keeper was so moved by the helpless condition of his guest that he called on the crowd about him thus. "All you fellows what have your hands and feet shell out here, and help this poor duffer." The response was to the extent of $14.50.

At another town, a man who had taken into his stomach more than beefsteak and apple pie, looked at Finlay for a few moments and with a few preliminary oaths, said: "Well, pard, you look pretty badly broken up; you are the worst broken-up man I ever saw. Here, boys, chip in." This they all did in a very generous manner. This trip enabled Finlay to go back to Toronto and buy a pair of limbs from his own purse.

Life is full of climaxes, like a mountain range is full of hilltops. One of these occurred on September 29, 1885, while Booth was in Ontario. It was the death of his mother. This sad event brought the wanderer back to Manitoba. The old home would never again be as it "once used to be"; his mother was gone. With her in that home Finlay had always felt that if too sorely chased by the world, he always had a refuge. Although his few living but scattered brothers and sisters were always good to him, none could

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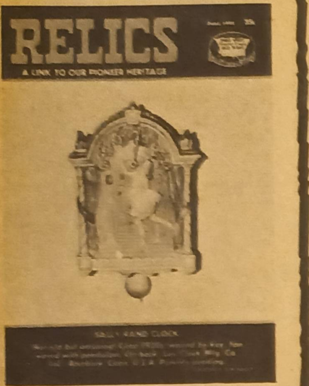

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make up for the loss of his mother. Mr. McKee, another neighbor, employed Finlay for a whole year just to look after his stock, and then fitted him out with a pony and saddle, and he started herding again. Finlay stayed with his chosen profession for eight consecutive years. Nothing of any great importance happened during these monotonous days, and that is really the worst feature about it. For of all professions, herding cattle on the western prairie or searching for the North Pole in a balloon must be closest to exile.

We admire nature and love animals, and appreciate the stars and sky and air, but too much liberty and life is as bad as banishment. A man can get drunk on too much of anything. All the poetry of these things dies out, when day after day, month after month, and year after year, a man sees little else than a collie dog, an ugly pony, and watches cattle fill themselves with grass, and listens to the everlasting whine of the wind across the boundless prairie.

AT THE END of this eight-year term Finlay possessed quite a herd of cattle. A fourth pair of legs was required now, and he offered his cattle as security for the money to make the purchase, but was not successful. His friends then appealed to the Council on his behalf, and they lent him $40 to go to Chicago. Again a temptation came to enter the museum there at a wage of $40 per month. However, he went to peddling again, and made his way to St. Paul where he met Mr. Ericson, who wanted to fit him out with a pair of limbs. Finlay resolved to return at once to Carman and sell his stock and make the purchase. He wrote to his friends as to the plan of action, and the Council took the matter up again, and ordered Frank Stewart, the clerk, to forward $130 to Mr. Ericson for a new set of limbs. Finlay offered the money back to the Council, but they refused to accept it. We wish our readers to know that whatever help Booth ever received was only to provide him with limbs; and that, in only two cases out of the four purchases he made.

For the last three years Finlay has been living with his niece, Mrs. Beaudry, and looking after their stock. At the present time he is engaged in selling silverware for the Silver Plate Company of Windsor, Ontario.

It is remarkable what this handless man can do—simply with his bare stubs. I have seen him take his knife out of his pocket and open all the blades; or put a five-cent piece into his pocket and take it out. At another time I stood beside him at the C.P.R. wicket in Winnipeg and saw him take his purse out of his pocket, open it, and take out his fare, $2.15, and hand it to the ticket agent.

By persons who have known him for years and whose word is not to be questioned, we are informed that on several occasions he has acted as purser at tea-meetings, making all necessary changes with surprising rapidity.

In his present business, selling silverware, he handles his own horse, harnessing, hitching and driving, and has even learned the art of using the whip—of which, however, it is said the pony does not seem to have very much dread.

For many months at a stretch he has lived alone, cutting his shavings, kindling his fires, cooking his eggs, making his porridge, cutting his beefsteak, washing his dishes; indeed, his own neighbors say he did everything in the housekeeping line to perfection, unless it was making his bed, which he usually left to the end of the month—or, if times were hard, till the end of the season!

Joseph Johnston is the only man we know of who can do justice to the work Finlay has done at threshing machines, where he has stood at the end of the carriers putting away the straw, and above the din of the thresher has often been heard calling out: "More straw up here, please."

Finlay hangs onto an old habit, which is no credit to him or anyone else, but he claims to get a good deal of satisfaction out of it—smoking. It will be a revelation to "Old Myrtle Navy" users to know that he can cut his tobacco, fill his pipe, and take a match and light it.

Now, our wives and sisters and mothers must be prepared for a surprise when we tell them that Finlay Booth can actually thread a needle, and has frequently sewed on his own buttons—effectually proving that as helpmates and housekeepers women are no longer a necessity, even to a man without hands or feet!

I Think Earp Took Johnny Ringo

(Continued from page 13)

drunk for days. A few hours before, he had ridden up to the small grocery store-tavern run by a Mrs. Smith in Turkey Creek in the foothills of the Chiricahua Mountains of southeast Arizona.

He wanted whiskey, he told Mrs. Smith, and he wanted it promptly. She, seeing his condition, tried to persuade him to sit awhile and rest. But her customer wouldn't listen. Always polite, he paid for his purchase, tipped his hat and rode off, already nipping at the pint bottle. Less than a quarter of a mile from the store and a stone's throw from Turkey Creek, Ringo decided to dismount and rest.

The next day his body was found sitting in a life-like position at the base of the oak tree. He had a bullet hole in his head and was clutching his Colt .45 six-gun in his right hand.

The news of Ringo's death caused a sensation in Tombstone and Galeyville. Those who found the body, and a coroner's jury which was quickly empaneled from nearby residents, had no trouble identifying the six-foot tall, square-jawed gunman. His blue eyes, looking coldly out over a sandy-colored mustache, had often swept the men who now gazed down at him.

Ringo, besides the six-gun in his right hand, had a Winchester Model 1876 rifle propped up beside him. As the gaping crowd grew in size, all noted one curious fact: Ringo's boots were missing and his stockinged feet were bound with two pieces of cloth that had once been his undershirt. The bottom of the socks were scarcely dirty, as if Ringo had walked only a short distance in this fashion. In lieu of a better explanation, it was assumed he committed suicide, and Ringo was buried on the spot.

Locally this ruling wasn't generally accepted. For one thing, those who saw the body said there weren't any powder burns about the head wound as would have occurred if Ringo had shot himself with the old-fashioned black powder cartridge then in existence.

Next, his many acquaintances couldn't believe that Ringo would take his own life. While he often went on drinking binges he was the cut of man often seen in those early days who had no alibis for his mistakes and who relied upon himself, asking no favors and expecting none.

But if Ringo didn't kill himself, who did? There the question lay until Wyatt Earp, twenty-four years later, suddenly said he had killed Ringo.

IF EARP thought his confession would cause a stir he was disappointed. Few believed him. In 1906 America was trying to live down its riotous and violent past. The tag end of the Victorian Era brought forth no interest in the West. It fell to the movies and later, television, to make that part of our history important.

And there was still another reason for doubting Earp. Serious Western scholars had known for years that a Colorado newspaper had placed Earp in Gunnison, 700 miles north of the Chiricahuas, at the time of Ringo's death.

But Wyatt still insisted he killed Ringo. In the 1920s he wrote an account of each of his gun battles and submitted them to a New York book publisher. Accompanying the manuscript were Wyatt's own hand-drawn maps of the fights. Incredibly, the publisher turned down the book on the grounds that a story about old gunfights wouldn't sell.

Disgusted, Wyatt threw the manuscript and the maps in a trunk and forgot about them. In 1929, at the age of eighty, he died of natural causes in Los Angeles.

Nearly twenty years ago, John Gilchriese, field historian at the University of Arizona at Tucson, bought the maps and story from Earp's heirs. Fascinated by his find, Gilchriese researched the accounts exhaustively, turning up strong documents in other quarters—as well as 11,000 items relating to the Earp family. (It is through the courtesy of Gilchriese that this story of Wyatt's killing of Ringo is related.)

Buffs of the Old West are familiar with the two crowded and murderous years of 1880 to 1882 in Tombstone, famed as "The Town Too Tough to Die." Tombstone, Charleston, Contention and Galeyville were flourishing when Ringo, Tom and Frank McLowery, the Clantons, and Curly Bill Brocius and his gang were locked in a death struggle with the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday.

Billy Clanton and the McLowerys were killed by the Earps and Holliday in the OK Corral gunfight in Tombstone. Then the pendulum of fate swung the other way.

VIRGIL EARP was ambushed on the streets of Tombstone and crippled for life when he was hit in the left arm by two blasts of double-0 buckshot. Next Morgan Earp was shot in the back and killed in a Tombstone pool hall March 17, 1882. The killer or killers climbed on a box and shot him from a high window. Morgan died in Wyatt's arms.

Right or wrong, Wyatt believed Ringo, Pete Spence, Frank Stilwell, Ike Clanton and Brocius were responsible. He shot and killed Stilwell in front of the Tucson train depot while shipping Morgan's body to California for burial. A few days later Wyatt killed Brocius in a shotgun duel in the Whetstone Mountains west of Tombstone.

Spence, in a panic, turned himself in to the sheriff and was jailed in Tombstone for his own protection. He later skipped to Mexico, the only one of Wyatt's enemies to escape a bullet. Ike Clanton slipped into northern Arizona where he met his death in a gunfight with a deputy sheriff.

With an indictment for the killing of Stilwell hanging over his head, Earp left Arizona, going to Gunnison, Colorado with Holliday to resume their gambling profession.

But Wyatt still brooded, although he was far from Arizona. He felt Ringo was chiefly responsible for his brother's murder, and he decided to seek out Ringo "and end his career."

Wyatt's story of the killing of Ringo doesn't include how he traveled from Colorado to Turkey Creek. However, Gilchriese believes he has found the way Earp traveled.

"Earp could have taken the Old Atlantic and Pacific Railroad (later the Santa Fe) through Raton Pass to East Las Vegas, New Mexico. That would be a day and night by train. Then he could have ridden horseback from there to Roswell, skirting the Mescalero country and the western fringes of the Staked Plains. From Roswell another horseback ride would take him to Lordsburg and from there he would ride straight to the Chiricahuas.

"That means," continued Gilchriese, "about six days by horse and one by train. It could be done."

Wyatt had many friends in eastern Arizona and he is known to have purchased Tombstone papers in order to trace the movements of his enemies.

Gilchriese believes that Earp might have "planted" the story in the Colorado paper for a cover in case he was ever accused of the murder of Ringo.

"I've tried to keep track of Wyatt in Colorado during this time," Gilchriese said. "Between June and the end of July of 1882, his movements are difficult to ascertain on a day-by-day-basis."

But this Gilchriese knows: "Why would Wyatt, some forty years after the killing, draw a map that is quite accurate if he had not had some hand in the killing? His own statements, and they're really a marvelous account, say he was determined to avenge the death of Morgan and the maiming of Virgil.

"Now I've studied this man Earp for twenty years. I've explored his whole life, from birth to death, and I've found,

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Every time I start to put the blame for something on somebody other than us gents here at WP, I remember that passage in the Bible that reads something like this: "He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone." Well, if we weren't completely perfect here, never make a mistake, never do anything wrong, our hands as lily-white as young goat fuzz, then we couldn't say that the mailer's machine broke down, he's having plate-making difficulties, and trouble like the seven-year itch. It's so bad at times, he tells us, that when he hits the key for "w" for instance. "Kilroy was here!" comes out. He just says "&%$#?!", hits the key again and what fun he has.

So, Chum, if you don't get your copy drop a card our way and we'll do our blamedest. It ought to be cleared up in a couple weeks. Ain't life wonderful?

above all else, that he kept meticulous records. He wrote often and well. He kept receipts, ticket stubs, maps, transcripts of business ventures—in short, everything that he had a hand in or was interested in. By studying these things you get the feel of a man, you get to know him. And you have to know Earp's mind to believe that he could have killed Ringo. The man was absolutely resolute, a bulldog. Once he made up his mind about something nothing could stop him.

"Wyatt Earp had made up his mind that he would rid the country of the men responsible for harming his brothers, not as justice but as a personal feud—and he would do it legally or illegally."

USING Wyatt's story as supplied by Gilchriese let's try to reconstruct the killing. Wyatt said that he and his party had scoured the valley for a week without finding Ringo. Never an habitué of Tombstone, Ringo usually hung out in Galeyville and its small surrounding hamlets.

Ringo, an ex-cowboy from Texas, was reportedly a fastidious dresser and a man with an above average education. While a fast and deadly gunman (some rate him as fast as Earp), he impressed many people as a gentleman.

However, Ringo was riding the lone trails since the breakup of the Brocius gang. The old order of lawlessness in Arizona was changing, and Sheriff Bob Paul of Tucson was administering tough but fair justice.

As Ringo rode toward Galeyville he must have been aware that someone was inquiring after him. Maybe this was the reason he took to the bottle.

Someone tipped off Wyatt that Ringo was nearby. Wyatt said he and his men were following Ringo's trail when they suddenly saw him sit up. What thoughts must have gone through their respective minds as they confronted each other!

But the spell was broken immediately by Ringo's springing to his feet and scrambling behind the tree.

"Let's start shooting," yelled one of Wyatt's men. "No," replied Wyatt, "I want to get closer."

But Ringo decided the issue by unlimbering his Winchester rifle and firing on Wyatt and the others.

"My men kept up a desultory fire (from the wash) while I crawled on my stomach for about 200 yards around the point of the hill, coming out in a small ravine behind Ringo," said Wyatt. "I rested for about a minute to catch my breath and then I called to him so as not to get him in the back."

Here Gilchriese interjected, "Earp had wolf-like tendencies but was not the kind of fighter that plugged a man in the back."

Wyatt said he got to his feet, drew his six-gun and aimed it at Ringo, calling out at the same time: "Hello there, John."

Astonished, Ringo whirled and fired a wild shot at Earp. Then he started running up the hill at an angle as Earp started blasting away.

"I fired two or three times at him. I think the second shot got him and I ended his career," Wyatt said succinctly.

The upward shot of Wyatt explains the death wound of Ringo. According to the coroner's jury, the bullet entered his right temple and exited at the top left side of his head.

Earp related how he and his men dragged Ringo to the oak tree and propped him up in the crotch, placing his rifle beside him. Earp does not make it clear how Ringo retained his grip on the revolver. Maybe it was truly a "death grip."

Ringo had evidently jumped behind the tree when he first saw Wyatt and left his boots out in the open. While exchanging fire with Wyatt's men he probably tore off his undershirt and tried to improvise some protective cover for his feet so that he could slip away on foot. However, he was killed before he could make a run for it.

The coroner's jury also noted that Ringo was wearing two cartridge belts, one for rifle bullets and one for revolver shells. The revolver belt was buckled on upside down. This gives added evidence that someone had access to the body before it was found. Buckling a cartridge belt on upside down is most unusual, even for a man who has been drinking.

Other than the missing boots and the upside down belt the body was untouched. The coroner's jury made note of everything in Ringo's pockets. Included were a silver watch and chain, six pistol shells, five shirt studs, a small pocket knife, a tobacco pipe, a comb, matches, a small piece of tobacco, and $2.60 in change.

Many years after the slaying, one of Ringo's sisters, a schoolteacher from San Jose, California, visited Wyatt in his Los Angeles home. She asked Earp point-blank if he had killed her brother.

Wyatt, caught off guard according to Gilchriese, talked around the subject, neither confirming nor denying the act.

After she left, Wyatt told a friend who was present, "I didn't want to hurt her feelings and bring all that up again. But you know, I did kill Ringo."

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 4)

Nevada Cowboys

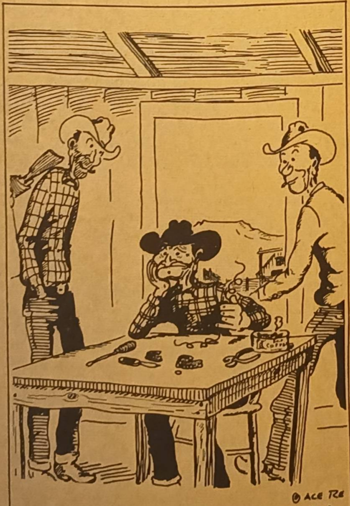
I am an avid reader of your magazines—get every edition as fast as it appears. I especially like articles by Milt Hinkle and Walt Coburn. Was very sorry to hear of Walt Coburn's untimely death. Too many stories are just hearsay. I like the stories of guys who have been there and their true experiences. I realize a lot of the old-timers are dead and too many of them are dying every day to suit me.

I enjoyed your readers' letters about the Lupe Garcia saddle. I remember that saddle well. I saw it in Lupe's saddle shop in Elko, Nevada in 1929. Lupe sold me a three-quarter double rig Frazier saddle made in Miles City, Montana. Those old center fire broncs of Nevada resented it with a purple passion. I was riding for the MC outfit of Halleck. Frank McIntyre was the owner; Jerry Olsen, cow boss. Some of McIntyre's cavvy was used in Lupe Garcia's rodeo. Curly Green, of the Turkey Track outfit from Alberta, Canada, and I quit to participate in Lupe's rodeo. Don Tate (Montana Red) was arena director. He was from the Diamond A outfit originally, of Powder River, Montana east of Miles City. After the rodeo, he went to jingling cavvy for Charlie Russel of Deeth. Billie Pollock was wagon foreman; Bill Woody was cook. There was Tom McKnight, Ed Chapin, Joe Buckles, Frank French (of Hollister, California), Jack Tussiatti, Ed Hardy, Curly Green and myself. Maybe I left somebody out, as this was a long time ago. Walt Brown, Charlie Griswold, Dick Land were riding for P Bench. Kenneth Scott was wagon foreman. Stayed until the cattle were brought to the home ranch; then left to go home to Lakeview, Orgeon. It was 71° below zero at Halleck, Nevada that winter and 65° below at Carlin.

I had many happy days in Nevada. I am retired now and would like to hear from any old-timers from Nevada. Would also like to know what happened to Laura Garcia, Les' sister, as she was never mentioned in your articles of the Garcia family.

I last saw Montana Red in New Biefer, California. He put on a rodeo in partnership with a tavern owner and contracted a bunch of us to ride for him: Dave Hart, Art Russell, Jim Baker, Bobby George, Coyote George, Red Elliot, Arizona Kid. Would like to hear from any of these guys if they are still on deck and kicking.—Rusty (David I.) Robinson, Box 2726, Ketchikan Apartments, Ketchikan, Alaska 99901

(Continued next page)



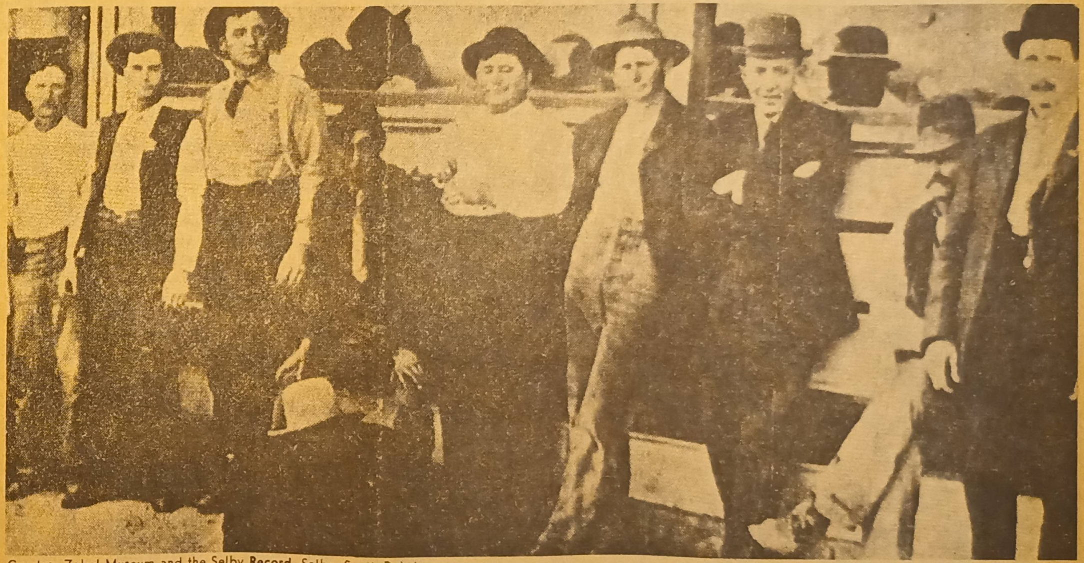
"Wul, ole Snuffy finally found sumpin' he couldn't fix with bailing wire."

Dode Mackenzie Murder

Dode Mackenzie was the manager of the Matador Land & Cattle Company—a Scot syndicate guided by Murdo Mackenzie, one of the greatest organizers of the cattle business in the United States. Dode was manager of the spread of the Cheyenne Reservation on the west side of the Missouri River. The Matador had a lease of nearly half a million acres.

The cowtown of LeBeau was on the east side of the river about five miles from the line camp where I worked, as the Matador was using it to feed the weak cattle that were brought in from the hills.

I have read several times about the killing of Dode and the writers never explained what led up to the shooting. I don't think many people knew that Dode was shot four times with a .45.



Courtesy Zabel Museum and the Selby Record. Selby, South Dakota

Bud Stevens, who shot Dode McKenzie; Chester Peterson, a brother of Mrs. Charles Cheskey; Mr. Tress, a bartender in the Phil Dufran saloon; Travers, a hobo; Ted Ryder, married to a girl from Selby; Henry Glandt, Gettysburg; Dr. A. W. George; an unidentified gambler and Jack Cole, a gambler who was said to have had one card too many and ate it.

I was not there when it happened (the winter of 1909, I think) but the river had been frozen for about a week. Ambrose Benoit, our straw boss, crossed over to LeBeau and when he came back that night, all broken up, he told us this story.

He said that when he hit the street he met Dode and Dode asked him to go to Bud's place, which was the Phil Dufran Saloon where Bud was tending bar for Dufran. Ambrose said as they were about to pass the hardware store Dode told him to wait outside, that he wanted to step inside for a minute. Then they went into Bud's and walked over to the bar. Dode pulled out an automatic and laid it down on the bar and said, "Bud, I hear that you have been making talk that you were out to get me. Now, I don't want to have any trouble with you in your own house but if it is true, get your gun and we will go outside and settle it." They argued some and Dode seemed to think the trouble was over. He picked up his gun and stuck it in his belt.

As soon as Dode put away his gun Bud grabbed a .45 off the back bar and shot Dode four times. Dode grabbed at his stomach and staggered outside, dropped to the sidewalk and died in Ambrose's arms.

I went over to LeBeau the next morning to see Dode. He was stripped and lying on a slab. The mortician pointed out where each bullet hit him. This happened some sixty years back, but I can remember it as well as if it had happened yesterday. One thing never explained was why that hardware man who loaned Dode the gun gave him .32 caliber shells for a .38 caliber gun, which made the gun useless.

I met Benoit in Mobridge, South Dakota some thirty years later and we got to talking about Dode. He told me nearly word for word the same story he told us that night when he came back to camp. He was up in Canada some years after the killing and met a couple of cowboys who were working for the Matador and had left about the time Dode was killed. He asked them what happened—why they had left about the time Dode was killed—and one of them said that a thousand dollars looked like a lot of money, but that's all he would say.

It was claimed that Phil Dufran killed a Matador cowboy down in Texas and was run out of Texas and had a grudge against the Matador. Dode did not like Matador hands trading at Dufran's saloon; and Bud had been fired from the Matador. He had been out in line camp for the winter, but had been too lazy to keep the waterholes open for the cattle. Bud ended up at LeBeau and Dode, being soft-hearted, told him to hang on until spring and he would find something for him to do at the ranch. Dode often bought Bud smoking tobacco and sometimes meals.

This is about all I know of this killing except I met a man forty years later who told me that he and another young kid were in Dufran's saloon when Dode was shot. They were so drunk they could hardly stand up but said that when that "shot" was fired it sobered them up at once. They must have been scared pretty bad, for he never knew that more than one shot was fired until I told him different.

The same week Dode was shot, the river had been frozen over for about a week and the ice was thick enough to hold up a horse. Ambrose rode over to LeBeau and ordered a ton of sacked oats to be hauled to the river bank across from camp. While there he met a fellow named Burt Overseth who was working for Lewie Benoit, a half-brother to Ambrose, whose ranch was across the Morrow from our camp.

Burt was drunk as usual, and he had a team and wagon loaded with groceries and other stuff for the ranch. He asked Ambrose how the crossing was and Ambrose told him the ice was too thin to cross with a wagon but if he crossed opposite LeBeau, the ice would be safe. This would mean five extra miles though.

Burt was muley—if Ambrose could cross, so could he, so when he got to the river bank Ambrose told him to unhitch the horses and tie a ketch rope to the wagon tongue and to the other end of the doubletrees. That way if the wagon went through the ice he could cut the rope

(Continued on page 67)

Courtesy Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma

Bob Dalton and an unidentified girl. Dalton led the first dangerous gang in Oklahoma. The two gangs that followed were a direct outgrowth of his band of outlaws.

Tom Fuller For Breakfast

(Continued from page 37)

swarming into Indian Territory for years. They were safe there as long as they didn't go up against tribal taboos. They were mighty careful about that because Indian punishment was rough.

Most outlaws hid out in Indian country and went raiding in nearby states. Then white families came in who demanded that something be done. United States deputy marshals such as Heck Thomas, Bill Tilghman and Chris Madsen went to work. They had plenty of experience. The Dalton gang and Bill Doolin's bunch were the strongest and they were wiped out. After that the marshals tried not to give gangs a chance to build up, but the law was still spread out thin. Enforcement officers stayed in the towns and kept order there but seldom went far away. A horse thief or train robber would be hunted down, and whiskey peddlers were cracked down on, but there were times when things got a little out of hand.

I located in Fentress and one day I saw a thing there that you would hardly believe. Fentress was a rough little trading town just inside the Creek Nation. There was just the general store with the post office in the back, a blacksmith shop, drugstore, little grocery store and several little unpainted houses scattered about. Not much of a town but it was the trading center for the Creek Indians living within a day's ride and for white ranchers who leased Indian land. The cowhands who rode for the cattlemen came into Fentress on payday. There was not much for them to do since no saloons were allowed in Indian Territory, so they would just ride up and down the road shooting up in the air and yelling until they got tired and went back to the ranches.

ON Christmas Day, 1901 all the cowhands from miles around rode into Fentress looking for a little fun. They whooped it up the best they could but in a couple of hours their spirits began to wear down. Even the general store was closed. Then two men rode into town in a hack. They drove slowly until they reached the store. Here they pulled up in the middle of the road and by then everyone in town was watching because there was a thirty-gallon keg of whiskey in the back of the rig. The keg had a faucet.

The two men in the hack looked around. Neither of them said a word, just looked around and then climbed down. One man set a cigar box beside the keg and dropped some change into it. The other set a water glass under the faucet. Then, still without a word, one man walked over and sat down in front of the store. He laid his Winchester across his knees, pulled his hat down a little to shade his eyes, and sat there staring at the whiskey keg. The other man crossed to the other side of the road and took up a watch from there, Winchester across his knees. Both fellows just sat there motionless.

For a few minutes the cowhands took it in, then one of them walked over to the wagon, drew himself a drink, dropped pay for it into the cigar box and downed his whiskey. Another followed and then another. The two strangers sat there and only their eyes moved. They saw every move on that street.

Before long, the Christmas celebrating picked up. The men of the town joined in the fun, riding up and down the road, yelling at the top of their lungs, and shooting up into the air. Everyone was having a fine time.

Two men and a boy all climbed aboard a balky mule and tried to make him carry them. The mule would not move an inch and the laughing and shouting could be heard a mile. It sounded like the Fourth of July. When the fun was at its highest pitch two deputy marshals rode into town. They took in what was going on at a glance and then rode right through Fentress looking neither to the right nor left. Indian Territory or not, that was just not the time to quibble about the whiskey law.

During the next few years I saw and heard of a good many men who were hiding out from trouble back home. Old man Shultz was such an outlaw. He had lived in Arkansas and owned a farm there. One year he had some hard luck and mortgaged his farm. When his crop failed, the bank foreclosed. Shultz killed the banker and came down to Indian Territory, bringing his wife and family with him.

Mac was one of the boys. Everyone called him Little Mac because he was such a short little devil. The Tunnels were another rough bunch. They were whiskey peddlers. One evening Little Mac and a couple of the Tunnel boys were riding along, and passed a house where a dance was going on. They stopped and went in. As it happened, that dance was given by some people who had picked cotton all day for a sick neighbor. Everybody who had picked cotton free was invited but nobody else could take part in the fun. The farm folks didn't know that Little Mac and the Tunnel boys were outlaws so they told them they couldn't take part in the dance. The gang shot up the place and took over.

When the law was notified, they had to hide out for a while. One evening soon after that we were having a big poker game at John Alexander's. Had three tables going—one table for a nickel, one for a quarter, and one for fifty cents. Someone knocked at the door and it was Lee Edwards, a deputy marshal.

"We want to come in and warm up, John," he called.

Alexander recognized his voice. "Come on in," he yelled.

The deputies—there were three of them—came in and sat down behind the stove with their Winchesters there in front of them. After a while one of them said, "By damn, I'm cold and thirsty. Is there any whiskey in the house?"

"Put half a dollar on the counter and you'll find out," a man named Smith replied.

The deputy walked over and put fifty cents on the counter and then went back and sat down. All the men in the room crowded up around the counter and when they went back to their seats the money was gone and a quart of whiskey was on the counter. The three deputies sat there and drank it. Later in the evening they got another quart.

One of the deputies, a big, dark-mustached fellow, watched the poker tables and you could see he liked to gamble. "Tonight's so bad we can't catch anybody anyway so let's sit in a game," he finally said.

Edwards looked wistful but shook his head. "That would be going too far," he told the other. So they did not play.

Come to find out Little Mac and the Tunnels were camped on a creek not two miles away that night. When the deputies left Alexander's they passed within half a mile of them.

THEN the outlaws did a dumb thing. They went to the Tunnels' home place and hid out at the old man's house. One of the boys went downtown in broad daylight and Edward Fink, the chief deputy marshal, saw and arrested him. Tunnel said that it was cold and he would need his coat so Fink took him out to the house to get it. When they got there the other two outlaws came out with their Winchesters and revolvers and captured Fink. They took him to the back yard and almost beat him to death. They broke his ribs and mauled him until there was barely enough life left in him to keep him breathing.

The outlaws left him there, took his rig and left. They went to New Mexico and sent word back that if Fink bothered old man Tunnel they would come back and kill him. Tunnel was sent to prison for harboring criminals.

After several months Fink recovered enough to start looking for the men who had beaten him up. He thought a man by the name of Pickens might know where they had gone. Pickens was not a criminal himself but he allowed outlaws to hide out on his place sometimes. Fink asked him where Little Mac and the others had gone and Pickens said that he didn't know. The deputy didn't believe him and gave him the third degree, western style. He put a rope around his neck and hung him a little, then let him down to talk. When Pickens still didn't talk Fink repeated the process but Pickens never did talk because he really didn't know. Not long after that Little Mac and the Tunnels came back and killed Deputy Fink.

After they killed the deputy the outlaws went back to New Mexico but that time they had gone too far. United States marshals trailed them. When the lawmen came up on the outlaws, Little Mac and his friends went for their guns even though they were covered. They wanted to die that way. They didn't want Judge Parker to get hold of them.

And that was the way with it every time a gang started building up in the Territories in the early 1900s. It was still frontier life but law and order was on the way in.

A Mighty Good Railroad Town

(Continued from page 25)

a cow, and a couple of saddle horses to town and kept them in a barn in our backyard. We lived in Logan for about three years. The district Father served stretched from Sixteen Mile Creek on the north to the upper Madison Valley on the south and encompassed all of the western part of Gallatin County.

Keeping order in the town itself was no small occupation because literally hundreds of free riders went through on the freight trains. Some were bums and professional hobos, but most were migrant workers going to and from areas where farm work was available. While the railroad didn't encourage free riders, I don't think they fought the traffic very hard. The little concrete box used for a jail was often occupied by men of more or less desperate character, caught as they attempted to pass through the local bottleneck. Most often the inmates were simply drunk and disorderly celebrants locked up to get sober. Prisoners to be held more than a few days were sent to Bozeman, the county seat.

The jail at Logan must have been a strong deterrence to crime, because it most certainly was not designed to give solace and comfort to the inmates. As I recall, it was not more than 12′ x 10′, with one high barred window, and a steel door with a barred opening so that food and

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water could be passed in. There were no sanitary facilities. Father used to get one of the swampers from the saloon to act as a chambermaid when necessary. The bunks were simple plank platforms and I think I remember helping stuff clean straw into the mattress ticks.

Sometimes when a prisoner was held for some minor offense and appeared clean and manageable, Father brought him to our house for meals. He was not served at the family table but got the regular family fare.

Sometimes my dad would be gone for a day or two, usually after horse or cattle thieves. I remember once when he headed a posse into the Horseshoe Hills after rustlers. They had cornered their quarry in a cabin high in the hills covered by brush, and Father deployed his men around the place while he approached the cabin. He kept under cover as much as possible, intending to get near enough to demand the outlaws' surrender, but as he came into the clear near the cabin one of the possemen mistook him for an escaping outlaw and fired. Luckily for the head of the Merriman family, the man proved to be a poor shot. He missed by several inches. The gunfire rousted out the inmates of the cabin, who surrendered without resisting, but Father never used a posse thereafter.

One icy winter evening as he was watering his mount at the pump by the barn his revolver slipped out of the quick-draw holster, struck on the ice and discharged. The bullet passed through Father's right leg at the knee joint, luckily not breaking any bones, but he spent some time on crutches before he was able to resume his work. When he did take up his duties it had turned to warm spring weather. While still favoring his sore leg as much as possible, he was called on to apprehend two men who had been seen breaking into a vacant residence.

My brother Nattie and I were gathering coal along a stretch of railroad track east of the depot when we spied two men running toward us, and our father in hot pursuit. He had his gun in his hand and was running with difficulty, taking a step and a hop, trying to get the men to halt, but they knew he was afraid to shoot with us on the track ahead of them so they were ignoring his demand. Nattie and I joined the chase yelling, "Shoot 'em, Dad! Shoot 'em!" We had almost escorted them to safety before we realized what danger we were in and got out of the line of fire. They gave up without violence and after they were safely incarcerated we two young fellows were soundly taught that the best way to help a lawman is to keep out of his way.

ONE occasional, if not frequent, occupant of the local clink was an elderly, retired cowboy who lived alone in a little cabin about ten miles north of town. Jim was one of the nicest men a person could meet until he got soused, an event that took place every time he could get hold of enough money or if he met some old friend who would furnish the booze. At the beginning of his sprees he was most friendly and generous, especially toward the small sons of the local deputy sheriff, and Nattie and I were not at all backward about taking his largesse—usually a baseball, bat, catcher's mitt or pitcher's glove, figuring that he was bound to waste his money on whiskey anyway.

Two views of jail taken in 1970, Logan, Montana.

After passing the stage of being comfortably inebriated, Jim sometimes became quite belligerent. He carried a long six-gun but I never heard of him making use of it except one time. Suffering from a terrible hangover, he went into the Chinaman's cafe, followed by the little white dog that was his constant companion. Jim ordered a large bowl of Charley's famous noodle soup. After taking a few sips, he poured the balance of the soup into a large bowl filled with oyster crackers, and put the bowl on the floor for his dog.

Charley failed to appreciate the action and cut loose with a vociferous combination of choice Western and Chinese invectives. Jim swung into action. Pulling his hog-leg, he chased Charley out of the dining room, through the kitchen, and out the back door. Poor old Charlie took refuge behind his woodpile. A couple of shots were sent over the barricade before Father arrived, but no blood was spilled and the general opinion was that Jim meant no real harm. Nevertheless, he was locked up until he got sober enough to be escorted out of town. Logan was then safe for another month.

I HAVE USED very few names in this account because I do not wish to cause any embarrassment to those who are still living and also because after more than sixty years one is likely to forget exactly who did what, but I must say that Logan, Montana probably was one of the best examples of the "melting pot" attributed to the early days of this century. A cross-section of the inhabitants would show descendents of colonial Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, Italians, Greeks, Germans, Austrians, Poles, Chinese, Frenchmen, and a few Negroes. I probably have not named all the nationalities represented.

During one summer a roving band of native Americans of the Cree Nation camped on the outskirts of Logan. They were very poor, having no means of subsistence except what they were able to beg or steal—supplemented by wild fruit and edible roots with an occasional jackrabbit or small animal added to their pots. They were also able to salvage some beef from cattle that had been killed by the trains. I remember seeing meat hanging in the sun to dry. The railroad officials took a dim view of that operation because the incidence of stock being killed on the tracks seemed unusually high that summer.

Some of the tribesmen offered ornamental furniture for sale. Chairs, coat racks, and like objects were fashioned from polished bison horns mounted on frameworks of wood and covered with bright colored plush held by shiny tacks. The workmanship on these objects was very neat and artistic so they found a ready market in town. Many were sold to tourists from displays in the saloons. I cannot remember what prices they brought.

The floors of the lower Madison and Gallatin Valleys were littered with scattered white bones of buffaloes that had been killed there many years before. Many of the skulls still had the horns intact when we lived there so I assume that the Indians camped nearby in order to gather material to assemble.

The poor Cree tribe was a forlorn band that neither Canada nor the United States acknowledged as its own. The tribe had ranged partly in both countries so that responsibility for their care was disputed. They were not provided with a reservation or given rations, so they were forced to get along as best they were able without assistance.

The Indians left that fall after the chokecherry and buffalo berry crops were harvested. I don't know where they went from Logan. I do know that their abandonment of the camp caused some very exciting events to take place. First was an exploration and scrounging expedition by most of the kids in town who descended on the site soon after the Indians had left. We searched the grounds for souvenirs, built campfires, and played Indian all afternoon, crawling through the little dugouts that had been used for sweat-houses and having the time of our lives. During the next week or so our poor mothers also had the time of their lives, but in a different manner.

Soon after our expedition certain uninvited guests invaded the normally sanitary homes. I remember wash-boilers of clothes simmering on our kitchen stove, Mother scrubbing us with all available disinfectants, dousing the tufts on the mattresses with kerosene, and combing our hair with fine-tooth combs. Greybacks were found lined up at the seams of our underclothes as cattle lined up at a feed rack. There were no bug-killing sprays, so the coal-oil can was a lifesaver.

Bevier's store was the backbone of the whole community. Louis Bevier was a friendly man, respected and admired by most everyone. He stocked groceries, hardware, patent medicines for man or beast, harness and saddles, clothing and footware, machinery and stock feeds. If what one wanted wasn't in stock, Louis could order it. The store was heated by a big pot-bellied coal stove and lighted by kerosene lamps hanging from the ceiling. He employed one clerk and was sometimes assisted by Mrs. Bevier, an attractive gracious lady.

LOGAN had its social divisions as all communities do, the natural drawing together of those having interests in common making it possible for people even in a small town to live in separate and diverse worlds.

The baseball team was backed by the whole community and games were held on alternate Sundays. The league consisted of teams from every town in the area and baseball was a seriously taken sport. A good player usually found employment easily obtained if he wanted to settle down and play ball. Of course, all of the teams were strictly amateur and consisted mostly of local talent; a hat would be passed to help finance the traveling and equipment costs. Our roundhouse foreman was one of the best pitchers and was usually team captain and manager. He was a slender nervous sort of fellow whom the boys in town considered a great hero. Logan always had a good ball team.

The cream of society in our town were the business folks (excluding the saloonkeepers who had their own social level) and the railroad employes in the higher brackets which included the station agent and conductors and engineers. Next in line were the firemen, brakemen, hostlers, local tradesmen and depot employes, including telegraph operators and section foremen. At the bottom of the ladder were the track maintenance men, section hands and extra-gang employes, usually recently arrived immigrants from Ireland and Southern Europe but sometimes from Scandinavia or Turkey.

The language spoken at Logan probably would compare closely with the language spoken in ancient Soli, a city on the Mediterranean coast where the Roman general Pompey settled the pirates captured in his drive to free the Mediterranean from their depredations. The newcomers in Soli fouled up the language so badly that to this day the misuse of words in our own tongue is characterized as a solicism. (I wouldn't be surprised if this very article isn't replete with solicisms!)

Long ago when a small-town hotel in Montana advertised "all the modern conveniences" it meant that the bed sheets were changed quite regularly, and that the room had a dresser with a mirror and a commode upon which sat a large pitcher of water and a porcelain washbowl. Cached away in the lower part of the commode, hidden by a little door with a brass knob, was the chamberpot. The convenience house was usually located some distance from the back door and in the best of establishments was approached on a boardwalk that was kept free from snow. Sometimes the hotel rooms had their individual heating stoves. Lighting was by kerosene lamp. Logan supported three such establishments.

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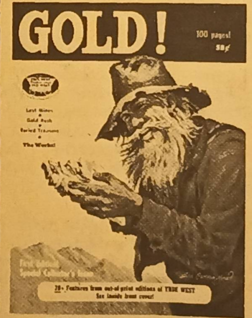
—Joseph Conrad



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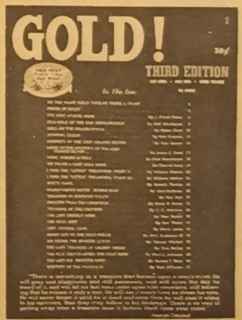

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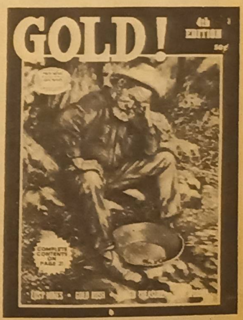

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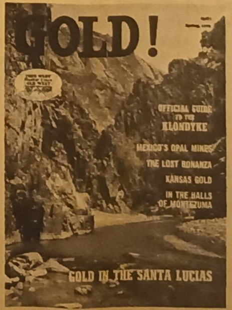

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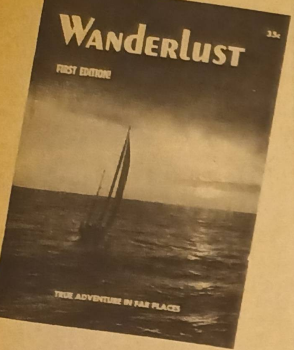

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to a ten-year-old in Logan were all tied up with the railroad. I never missed a chance to be at the depot when the great passenger trains came roaring in, stopping at the station to disgorge passengers, baggage and mail. The engineer would make his round with a long-spouted oil can; the "car toad," a local employe, checked the wheel bearings; ice was brought to the dining car. After the baggage car door was closed and the engineer was back in his cab with his head visible through the window, the conductor would holler "Boarrrd" and the passengers would quickly entrain. Away it would go, picking up speed, the passengers' heads showing in the windows as the long string of cars rattled past the depot platform. The whistle's wailing notes diminishing in the distance—who could ever forget?

The steam engines—locomotives of many sizes and many uses from the great Mallet type with two sets of drivers on each side down the scale to the beautiful little brass-bound dinky that sometimes came to town pulling the railroad superintendent's private car—I hope that some have been preserved to delight other youngsters down through the years. I cultivated a friendship with every man who had anything to do with the living, breathing behemoths. I ran errands and did little favors for wipers, hostlers, and even some of the awesome engineers. As a small boy I dearly loved Logan, Montana.

Passenger trains no longer stop there. The five saloons and all other business buildings on the main street burned in a great fire thirty or forty years ago and have never been replaced. Only one small cocktail lounge offers refreshment to the wayfarer. There is not another business house in town, although a few families still reside there.

My wife and I visited there in the summer of 1969. Logan was not the place I used to know—no roundhouse, no coal dock, no business, just a quiet little place of memories.

Dodge City

(Continued from page 34)

but really outside the pale of civilization."

Reverend W. J. Elliott, pastor of the M. E. Church, prayed from his pulpit that Dodge might be relieved of this "stench in the nostrils of civilization."

At this point W. K. Moore took a hand at improving public relations. He and Webster knew that too much unfavorable comment would hurt the gate receipts. Bullfighting, Moore told the Dodge City *Cowboy*, was not the brutal exhibition many seemed to think. It was an error to classify it with pugilistic contests. The *Cowboy*, printing Moore's comments, reminded its readers that Moore's knowledge of bullfighting came from having lived for ten years in Mexico, practicing law and teaching in a Mexican college. Quoting him further the *Cowboy* explained, "Fight is not the proper word; athletic exhibition would be more suitable. There is nothing barbarous in the proceeding. The bulls are not tortured, the only weapons of offense being small darts. The excitement and interest in the 'sport' (as termed by the Mexicans) consist principally in witnessing the skill and dexterity of the men in evading the assaults of the bull."

This may have convinced some protestors, but it had no effect on Henry Bergh, president of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Just a few years earlier Bergh had stopped a bullfight scheduled for his home city of New York, and he set out now to stop this one.

In a long letter to Governor Glick he wrote, in part: "While civilization is striving to extend its peaceful and benign influences over our prosperous and happy country, a spot within the confines of your state suddenly invites notice, where humanity and public decency have been trampled under foot and the blood-red flag of barbarism substituted in their stead.

"Americans, like all other people, seek diversion and amusement, but they are not willing to give over their country to the bloody and demoralizing scenes of the bull ring, a pastime which has, more than any other cause, corrupted and wasted the minds and energies of the Spanish race until national stagnation and degeneracy are recognized in their shrunken territory, and loss of political influence in the councils of their sister states."

Bergh followed up his letter with a telegram to the governor on July 4. "In the name of humanity," he wired, "I appeal to you to prevent the contemplated bull fight at Dodge City this day. Let not American soil be polluted by such atrocities."

Governor Glick waited until a week after the fight to reply. "The bull fight," he wrote, "was a rather tame and insignificant affair, and while advertisements gave it some importance it had little or no importance at Dodge City or anywhere else. Your telegram, dated July 4th, was received but not until after the performance had taken place."

PROTESTS or not, the plans went on. On Sunday, June 29, Moore and his bullfighters arrived, and local interest really flamed. The bullfighters, it turned out, were not exactly professionals. They made their livings at more prosaic jobs, depending on the bull ring for extra money. The *matador* was Captain Gregoria Gallardo, a tailor from Chihuahua, the grandson, Moore said, of one of Spain's most famous *matadors*. As proof of this he brought with him two swords, stating that one was a Toledo blade handed down to him by his illustrious ancestor.

Evaristo A. Rivas, *picador*, was inspector of public works for the State of Chihuahua, and his son Rodrigo, the clown, was by profession an artist. Marco Moya and Juan Herrerra, flagmen, were musicians from Huejuquilla and Aldama, Mexico, respectively.

Not that this worried anyone. Men from Mexico, dressed in bright costumes and armed with two swords, were obviously "genuine Spanish bullfighters."

Visitors began to arrive for the big show. On July 3 the *Times*, still looking down its nose, commented, "The town is full of hard characters." Tears dripping from every line, the editor concluded, "Oh, it is lamentable—the old-time spirit has seized hold of Dodge and old glories and sports are indulged in."

Rooms were no longer available. The Dodge House made special arrangements for overflow guests to sleep in the hayloft of Ham Bell's new livery stable and by July 3 all the space in the 60′ x 120′ building was gone. People from surrounding towns and ranches bedded down on the prairie in wagons and tents. Many townspeople opened their homes to the visitors.

The morning of the Fourth dawned hot and windy. Before noon the temperature had passed the 100° mark, and in spite of the recent rains the wind off the prairie was loaded with gritty dust. Front Street, normally deserted until afternoon, was jammed. More than 500 cow ponies were tied shoulder to shoulder along its two-block length. Bars, gambling tables, and dance halls were as busy as if it were midnight.

One o'clock, time for the opening parade, came and went. The crowd began to leave the bars and tables, drifting out into the street, then back to the tables. Word was passed around that the delay was due to three trainloads of visitors being held up by washouts on the Santa Fe.

Some people, fearful of not getting good seats, went on out to the fairground and by two o'clock the crowd at the gate had became large and unruly enough that Webster ordered the gates opened. He hurried to town to get the parade started.

The first bars of music from Chalk Beeson's Cowboy Band brought everyone onto the board sidewalks. Here came the parade, Webster and Moore leading, followed by the mayor and city dignitaries and their ladies. Then came the band and finally, saluted by whistles, shouts and gunfire from the spectators, the bullfighters themselves.

Captain Gallardo was dressed in a green sash with sable trimmings. Rivas, following him, wore a yellow tunic and a white cap adorned with horns. The others followed in nearly as gay costumes. They were, according to an eastern correspondent, "the perfection of litheness and quickness and were heartily applauded as their dark, handsome faces looked on the crowd gathered along the streets."

The Front Street "girls" called out from their doorways inviting the fighters to come in after the fight was over. The Mexicans, not understanding the words, perhaps, but recognizing the universal signs of invitation, bowed and waved back smilingly.

The crowd fell in behind the parade, proceeding west to the arena and finally disappearing through the gates. Quickly the crowd lined up for seats, nearly a third of those attending being women and children. It was at this point that a delicate problem arose.

TOWNSPEOPLE, visitors and their ladies poured in. But the girls from Front Street—and elsewhere—were there, too. Somehow things must be arranged so that respectable ladies were not tainted by too close proximity to their less reputable sisters.

A deputy sheriff was assigned the task of standing within the gates and separating the two. It must be presumed that he performed his duties with Solomon-like wisdom. Directly above the main entrance were seats for the reporters and for the Cowboy Band. On either side were the gentlemen and their ladies, while the cowboys and their girls were seated on the opposite side.

About 2:30 John Chappell and a crew herded the bulls into the attached corrals, sawed off their horn tips and rasped the ends smooth. It was not until nearly 3:40 that a bugle sounded and the *matador* and his party made their entrance. Gallardo led, mounted on a beautiful bay stallion, followed by the others on foot. Their appearance was the signal for an enthusiastic welcome from the crowd, tired of the long wait in the blistering sun. The cowboys stamped their high-heeled boots, fired their revolvers, and cut loose with ear-piercing yells. The other side of the arena was only a little less sedate.

At the sound of a bugle, Doc, the first bull, charged into the ring from the chute at the west end. He was a red, fierce-looking animal, unusually large and strong even for a Texas longhorn. Doc was a prime example of the saying: "A Texas bull is all the time as mad as he can get."

The *picadors* ran in and placed their darts until he was a mass of gaily colored streamers, each dart piercing his thick hide and adding to his fury.

Gallardo called out to attract his attention. The infuriated animal concentrated his efforts on this slightly built man who was waving a scarlet cape. Time and again he charged, while Gallardo, encouraged by the increasingly hysterical cheers, passed him first to right and then to left, seemingly letting the horns pass within inches of his body.

After twenty or thirty minutes he signaled Chappell, mounted, to take him away. Someone in the crowd set up a shout of "Throw him!" and others took it up. On unfamiliar ground but game all the way, the little Mexican dropped his cloak, ran out and seized the bull by his horns. Gallardo, weighing 140 pounds at the most, struggled and strained against nearly half a ton of furious bull. Unequal though the struggle was, the *matador* tried hard with the cheers of the crowd urging him on. At last, having succeeded only in turning the bull's head to one side, he gave it up and the horseman ran the bull back into the corral.

Bull number two was a terrible disappointment both to Gallardo and the crowd. The third bull was a little better, but not much. Number four was a disaster. As the horsemen headed the bull for the chutes, a cowboy, a little the worse from whiskey and anxious to impress his girl, decided to get into the act. He jumped from his seat, lassoed the bull, threw him to the ground and tied his feet. Then, aping the actions

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of the bullfighters, he bowed deeply to the crowd, throwing kisses as Gallardo had. The spectators were delighted, while the bullfighters cursed in Spanish under their breath. Finally the cowboy was persuaded to stagger back to his seat, and the bull was dragged out.

TIME came for the last bull of the day—the one to be actually killed. The crowd set up a cry for Doc, and it was Doc that the cowboys herded through the chute and sent charging again into the ring. When they recognized him the crowd came to its feet, cheering wildly. Once, twice, three times Gallardo passed him, letting the horns get closer with each charge, and with each charge the crowd became more excited.

The *matador* was in his glory. A cheering crowd, a bull worthy of his talents, plus the confidence which comes from continued success, made him perhaps a bit careless. When the bull charged the fourth time Gallardo went down, caught by one horn. Fortunately, as the animal wheeled to come back, Gallardo found himself close to one of the escape screens and threw himself behind it just ahead of the beast's mad charge.

Doc did not give up easily. Again and again he smashed against the wooden barricade. Many of the spectators, when they recovered from the first shock, whooped and yelled, cheering the bull on. The wall held, however, until the horsemen could drive Doc back to the other side of the ring.

Limping a little from a bruised hip, Gallardo re-entered the ring, this time carrying his sword. At first there was not a sound from the stands as he signaled the band for music, then walked directly toward the bull. Head down the enraged animal stood perfectly still, watching through bloodshot eyes as its tormentor drew near.

As Gallardo continued his approach, Doc suddenly made a ferocious charge. Sword poised, ready for the thrust, the *matador* waited but, not seeing the opening he sought, passed the animal to one side with his cape. Twice more he parried and turned the brute's charges. With each one the crowd's cheers grew. Finally, on the fourth charge, he found the opening he wanted. Stock still, with sword poised to strike the vital spot, Gallardo waited. It did not seem that the blade wavered an inch as the bull charged directly into it, staggered a step or two, fell to his knees, and died at the *matador's* feet.

That ended the first day's performance. The second day was much the same. On the whole the second day's bulls showed more fight and spirit than those of the opening day, but no other animal approached Doc's spirit.

"The *matadors*," reported the *Globe*, "showed the people of America what bull fighting really was. No one could see it and go away saying that it was not a genuine bull fight. It was not that tortuous or inhuman punishment inflicted upon wild animals as the term 'bull fighting' would seem to imply, save and except the single animal that was killed. The punishment, torture or cruelty was even less than that inflicted upon animals in the branding pen."

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McGonagill Pays Off

(Continued from page 27)

afraid to run The Stud against Walter's horse. But after going to the wagon yard and looking over the bay mare, the Mexicans and Walter matched the race for $2,500. They went to the bank and each put in escrow that sum to be delivered to the winner.

You should have seen Walter on that mare when he rode out in front of the grandstand. She was the ugliest animal I ever saw, long and lean, rawboned and hog-headed; and she actually had white collar marks and red Oklahoma clay on her. Walter did his own announcing and his eyes sparkled as he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen! My horse is named Spark Plug and I'm goin' to clean their plow for them if Sparky don't have a blow-out." An', Boy, howdy! He sure cleaned it for them and no foolin'.

I GOT A chance once at a rodeo at Midland, Texas, to put some money on Walter and old Joe Collins. With some other boys from Carlsbad who had not seen any money so far, I went to Walter and told him that we were just good, honest, hard working boys, trying to make a living, and that we'd appreciate it if he would tip us off when he was going to win a race. And he did. As he was warming Joe Collins up he motioned me off from the crowd, leaned over from his horse, and murmured, "Bob, see that blaze-faced horse over yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, put your money on him."

I though it strange that Walter would tell me to bet on another horse when he was up on old Joe Collins, so I waited a moment. He added, "Do what I tell you, Bob, because Joe Collins can't beat that sorrel."

I must have looked surprised.

"Heck," said Walter, "the race is fixed."

"*Bueno*," I replied and walked back to the other boys to tip them off. We began placing small bets on the sorrel.

The crowd seemed to get the hunch, and many bets were placed on the sorrel. One man, a close friend of Walter, was selling all our bets. I won't give his name because we are all conscientious and loyal race track men, and the trick he and Walter pulled might hurt the racing game. There must have been several thousand dollars placed on the sorrel and called by the lone rider from the Pecos.

There were six horses in the race, but from the start it lay between the blaze-faced sorrel and Joe Collins. Walter weighed 125 in his sock feet and long handles; and that is the way he rode, much as the good Lord made him.

We boys from Carlsbad were doing considerable cussing. It was sort of like old Ed Swanson said one time just before a race started. A fellow said to him, "Ed, don't you know that if you don't quit cussin' like that, all your children are likely to be born plumb naked?"

And Ed said, "Yeah, kinda expected that. But the hell of it is that if I don't win this race they'll have to go on that way!"

Here they came down the track with the sorrel in the lead and old Joe Collins three feet behind, with Walter riding a little bit unnatural. I don't mean that Walter ever rode a race when he was sober, but this one he was riding like a drunk Indian. He bounced around and never once hit old Joe Collins a single lick. Just before the outcome of the race he must have tight-legged Old Joe a little because Joe Collins took a spurt and just barely nosed out about three inches ahead.

Walter checked his horse and galloped back to the crowd where I was. When he got off he was crying. He got his arms around my neck and said, "Bob, I wouldn't have done you that way for anything in the world. Damn the luck; I just couldn't hold old Joe Collins."

That night Walter come down to the wagon yard where we boys from Carlsbad were camped. He asked me how much money we had put on the race and I told him that Rube Nelson and Knowley Morris and I had put every cent of our summer wages on it, and that it came to $90 apiece. Old Walter pulled out a wad of bills that would actually have choked a horse and said, "How much is three times ninety bucks?"

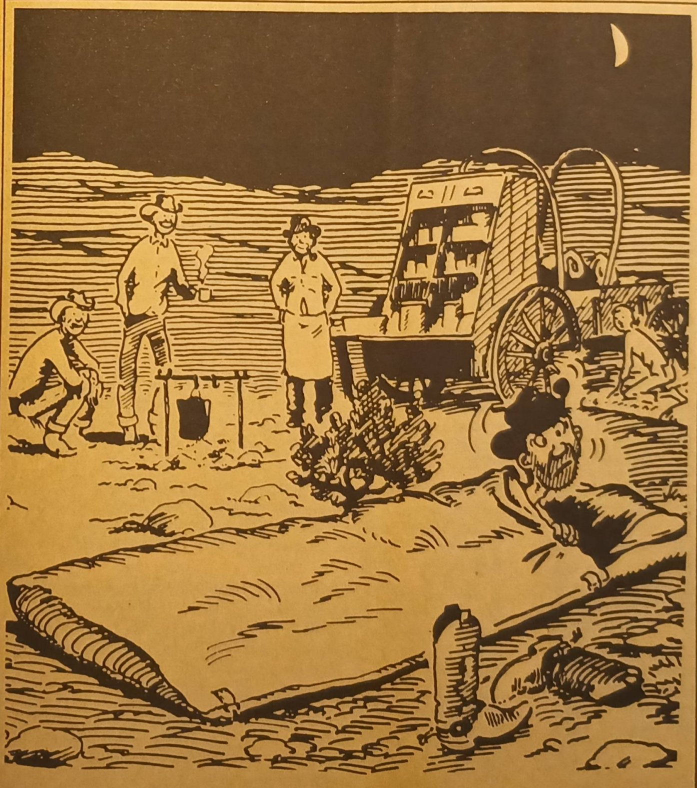
"Two seventy," says I.

"An' what's twict that?"

"Five hundred and forty dollars."

He shelled out five-forty to me and still had a big roll left.

It took me awhile to figure it out.



"Watch out and don't git run over, boys. That bull snake I put in Wilbur's bed is beginnin' to thaw out already."

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 6)

many more years than I know. It was generally believed that he worked in the Southwest. I will appreciate any help anyone can give me. I need desperately to find the link of proof between the Indian 1860 census and this Joseph Garris.—Mrs. Ruth Beam, 1090 Norway, N.E., Salem, Oregon 97303

Riddel

Elizabeth Riddle (Riddel) married Thomas Montgomery in 1848. They had nine children, and lived in Oberlin, Kansas. Would like to know who Thomas' parents were. Have information to exchange.—Mary M. Hughes, 360 N. E. 43rd Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa 50313

Lynn-Collis

Thomas B. Lynn, a miner, was murdered in Hunters Valley, Mariposa County, near Hornitos, California. He had resided in Hunters Valley for five years prior to his death, November 5, 1915. He was forty-three years old.

Henry Nan Collis, forty-two years old, from Liverpool, England was employed on a percentage basis by Lynn and his partner, William Thorton, from Chowchilla, California.

Collis was accused by Thorton, the only witness, of shooting Lynn with a .38-55 Marlin rifle. Collis was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to San Quentin prison for eight years. It is believed that Collis was innocent.

I have found the unmarked grave of Thomas Lynn and I have possession of the mining claims they located at that time. One claim, located by Lynn, was named the "Grace Lowe," possibly the name of a friend or relative of Lynn's.

I would appreciate hearing from relatives, friends or anyone who might know the history of any of these people.—Eugene S. McGowan, P. O. Box 291, Hornitos, California 95325

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 35)

mines, sagebrush camps in eastern California, and ghost towns of the south. Some of the provocative names of these historic towns and camps are Last Chance, Bunkumville, Whiskey Slide, Sucker Flat, Stud Horse Gulch, Jackass Gulch and Angels Camp. This entertaining and instructive book is now in the fifth printing.

COWBOY ARTIST

Ross Santee was a horse wrangler and cowpuncher able to translate the routine life of ranching through realistic art and story telling. One of his many good books is *Lost Pony Tracks,* reprinted by the University of Nebraska Press for $1.95. Ross broke in on a ranch in Arizona's Apache country where much of the range is straight up and a cowboy risked his neck every time he put his horse into a run. Through drawings and narrative, Ross adds vivid descriptions of horses he rode or knew, and cowboys and outlaws that rode the draws and ridges from the Gila River to the Mogollon Rim. He established lasting friendships with Apache cowboys and headmen with whom he drank mescal on equal terms. Rodeos and country *bailes* were the main form of entertainment where fist fights and rough and tumble brawls were regular features with occasional gunplay thrown in as a highlight. There are numerous Santee drawings that enliven stories about the author's life on the range.

THE OLDEST PROFESSION

Prostitution, the oldest of human professions, also was a potent social influence among settlers on the North American frontier. A regional study of booze and brothels from Winnipeg to Calgary, Canada is the subject of the provocative book, *Red Lights on the Prairies* (Macmillan, $6.95) by James H. Gray, a former news writer on the Winnipeg *Free Press.* The author deals frankly and objectively with a region's purple past, a subject that sacrosanct society prefers to forget. Men, without wives and families, moved onto the Canadian prairies seeking farms, building railroads and working mines. Indian women often provided their first female contacts and these were followed by the inevitable madams with their girls and booze. The author describes the evolution of prostitution in Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge, the satellite towns, and includes the names of leading madams, peace officers and reformers. Preachers backed by aroused parishioners tried regularly to rid their towns of the booze—and—broad syndrome. They succeeded temporarily but soon the girls were back in business. Usually this came about through the connivance of local peace officers and Mounties who took a more practical view of the issue. Some towns succeeded in getting rid of the segregated brothels but learned too late that business was merely transferred to downtown rooming houses and hotels. In researching and telling his story Gray has produced a novel bit of Westerniana.

SANTA FE TRAIL BIB

West Coast jitters following the bombing of Pearl Harbor caused citizens and government leaders to fear the Japanese Americans would serve as a Nipponese fifth column and endanger national security. As a result, over 100,000 people of Japanese ancestry were shipped to several gathering points and later reassigned to camps in various areas of the nation. The story of 20,000 of these terrified Japanese, relocated in a sweatbox at Poston, Arizona, is the subject of Paul Bailey's book, *City in the Sun* (Westernlore Press, $7.95). The people erected barracks, established a community government, policed themselves, built schools, churches, hospitals, recreation halls, factories and business houses. They endured their internment with stoic dignity and again took their place in society with far less rancor than might have been expected. Bailey handles this difficult assignment with good taste and fairness.

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 55)

and save the horses. But Burt would not listen, so Ambrose rode up ahead. Burt had an Indian with him who was pretty tanked up also, but he got out and staggered along behind the wagon. When Burt hit the thin ice, in went the wagon and team. The Indian staggered over and grabbed Burt by the collar and dragged him out. One wheel of the wagon had caught on the ice and the next day we went out with block and tackle and pulled out the wagon and horses and got the harness and even the horseshoes.

One time in early November two of us got our final pay checks and knew if we could find a short cut across the Morrow, we could catch the last boat for the day across the Missouri. We were told there was a place about a mile from camp where we could cross, but we got on the wrong path. I was riding a horse I called Smokey and he was smarter than I was. There was a steep bank that I could not get him to go down, so got off to lead him. Well, he went down nearly head first into quicksand, but he rolled over on his side and would fight toward deeper water, as it was solid enough to swim. He would lie still a bit to get his wind—if he had stood up he would have drowned.

I had to take off my chaps and boots, and take a run and land swimming, as it was like stepping into thick soup. My partner rode about fifty yards farther and found the right trail and we made the ferry. If Mrs. Blassingame who wrote the book *The Dakota Cowboy* should read this, I would like to hear from her.—S. K. Rumsey, Route 1, Chelan, Washington 98816

A Few Kind Words To Keep Us Going

It would be a waste of my time and yours too, to tell you that you have the best western magazines published, for we both already know that. To me they are the only ones that tell the real story of the West, as it really was. I seldom read an issue that I don't come across the mention of some old-timer that I have known personally. The last one was Dr. McKnight and the issue before was Spider Hargis.

I worked with Spider on the DHE in 1914-15, and there was a character if there ever was one. He used to go into San Angelo for his little celebrations and then when he finally went to his hotel room, no difference how hard he tried, he couldn't blow the light out. So, he would do the next best thing—just take his foot and knock it out. Then he would crawl in bed, muddy boots and all. As you can understand, it got kind of hard for him to get a hotel room in San Angelo, Texas. Once some of us boys snuck him in—it didn't work out good at all (for us). Another good one was the story of his lost quirt. Coming across the mention of these old-timers I have known sure brings back a lot of memories. But then the memories were already there anyhow. Don't guess I'm a real old-timer, but I can remember seeing ox-drawn freight wagons going through Concho County, Texas from San Angelo to San Antonio—and that wasn't yesterday.—L. F. Davis, 4032 Rufe Snow Drive, Fort Worth, Texas 76118

Tilghman

I thought you and your readers would be interested in knowing that Charles A. Tilghman died March 13, in Oklahoma City. Tilghman, who was 93, was the son of the late William M. "Bill" Tilghman, an early-day marshal of Dodge City and later one of Oklahoma's most famous deputy marshals.

Born in the Dodge City area, Charles Tilghman as a boy helped his father and others drive horses from Dodge City to Guthrie. The family settled near Chandler in 1892, and Tilghman went into the banking business in 1901 and became President of the Chandler National Bank in 1906. After moving to Oklahoma City in 1916, he was vice-president and later president of the Oklahoma Farm Mortage Company there. From 1927 until he retired he was an independent investor in farm properties and oil royalties.

Tilghman was a charter member of the Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center. In 1965 he and his half-brother Tench Tilghman presented the Center with a Sharps buffalo rifle used by their father.

Funeral services were in Oklahoma City and Tilghman was buried in Oak Park Cemetery in Chandler.—James Neill Northe, A Points Northe, 21½ N. Harvey, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73102

Jack Ralston's Ride

I recently had the opportunity to read a back issue of TRUE WEST, the February 1960 issue. The article, "Hunted and Attacked by the Grizzly" by LeRoy D. Burt was of particular interest. While tracking a grizzly, William Parenteau discovered that the she-bear was tracking him. After fighting the bear, Parenteau managed to kill it and make way to Lightburn and Schlessinger's sawmill some four miles distant. There Jack Ralston found him, and immediately started to Denver for a doctor.

I am especially interested in the man, Jack Ralston, who rode to Denver for the doctor. My husband thinks this could possibly be his father and is curious to find out, if possible.

The event in this story happened about fifty years prior to the printing date. If anyone could offer any information, we would love to hear from them.—Mrs. Jack J. Ralston, Route 2, Box 70, Sheridan, Wyoming 82801

(Continued on page 72)

Black Robes

(Continued from page 31)

press was secured and Spalding translated many parts of the Scripture into Nez Perce and printed hundreds of copies. This old press, the first to be brought to Oregon Territory, is now in the museum at Portland. Mrs. Spalding opened a school and taught both children and adults. Among the first converts to the Christian faith were Timothy, who remained faithful to his religion and to his white friends all his life, and Joseph, father of Chief Joseph who went back to

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SEE PAGE 3

his old life, no doubt influenced by unscrupulous whites who made so much trouble for the missionaries.

Many times it was necessary for Spalding to go on trips that took him from home for days at a time, leaving his wife with only the Indians and her small children. She was never molested. Four Spalding children were born at Lapwai, a son and three daughters. By the time the two younger had arrived the two older were able to ride horses and often accompanied their father on his journeys. The children loved that but on one occasion young Eliza became very ill and her father had to hold her in his arms as he traveled hundreds of miles homeward. Another time when they were returning home they were forced one night to cross a stream which was greatly swollen by fall rains. Eliza's horse panicked, was swept off its feet, and both horse and child would have drowned except for the calm instructions, instantly obeyed by the little girl, and his own quick action in securing a hold on the frightened animal's bridle. They got out safely but had to ride ten miles with their clothes freezing to them. The little girl was being schooled for the courage she was going to need.

In November 1847, the day of the massacre in which Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, the two teen-age Sager boys, and ten others lost their lives, Spalding came very close to sharing their fate. He was near the Waiilatpu mission at the time, having arrived from Lapwai only the day before with ten-year-old Eliza who planned to attend the school which had been established for white children by the Whitmans.

Spalding managed to escape and set out for Lapwai, traveling by night and hiding by day. The terrible slaughter had been accomplished by the Cayuses and half-breeds and possibly a few Nez Perce. Spalding knew that some of the latter had been turned against him and was afraid of all of them except his own trusted friends. Ninety miles from home his horse got away and he had to walk the rest of the way. His feet swelled so badly that he discarded his shoes and wrapped strips of cloth around his feet. He waded streams, and his clothing froze to him. He had almost no food. He rested during the days but was too cold to sleep; yet in three nights he made it to Lapwai.

For months the Spalding family lived in the home of a white man named Craig, who had married a Nez Perce woman. They were protected by their friends, many of whom wished them to continue their work at Lapwai. But the horror of the massacre was too great; their fears for their child, a captive of the Cayuses who had slaughtered their friends, too overwhelming. They decided to leave.

It was a heartbreaking decision, for they had put down deep roots with the Nez Perce, but it was a wise one. Their mission had been plundered, much of their property destroyed. Indians everywhere had become restless and suspicious of the whites and the Cayuse tribe wanted to get rid of Spalding. In January the Spaldings were given an escort of fifty loyal Nez Perce and, with what possessions they could pack on horses, they proceeded to Fort Walla Walla. There they were reunited with little Eliza, who with fifty others had been ransomed by Peter Skene Ogden. The child was in a pitiful condition, both physically and emotionally, after more than a month in captivity.

Mrs. Spalding never returned to Lapwai. She died in the Willamette Valley in January 1851. Never strong, she was unable to recover from the hardships, fright and anxiety she had suffered. In 1853 Spalding married Rachel Smith. He had always longed to return to Lapwai but, because of Indian troubles, missionaries were not permitted there.

An Indian agency had been set up and there were many complications, but at last Spalding was given permission to return. He arrived in 1863 and was warmly welcomed by the Nez Perces, especially by Timothy and others who remembered him. Spalding was delighted to find that most of his converts had remained true to their Christian faith and were carefully following his teachings. It is said that Timothy always asked a blessing before eating, as Mrs. Spalding had taught him, and that when he finished the simple prayer he would add, "for the love of Christ and Mrs. Spalding."

Spalding taught school and taught his religion—winning many to it—yet, when the agency changed hands he was forced to leave. This second leaving was with a bitter heart. Spalding was the only Protestant missionary left in all that great country and, according to most authorities, had done more for the Indians with a few hundred missionary dollars than the agency had accomplished with its many thousands.

After several years in which he worked to prove to those in power the worth of his work at Lapwai, he was sent back by the Presbyterian Church. It was then that he reaped his greatest reward in bringing large numbers into his church. In his journal he wrote, "Bless the Lord, Oh, my soul."

When Spalding was seventy and suffering from a chest injury incurred when he was kicked by a horse, he went on a missionary journey to the Spokanes and other tribes. He rode 1,500 miles horseback, sleeping on the ground and sharing the life of those he had come to help. It was too much. He became ill and was taken back to Lapwai where he died August 3, 1874.

His widow pleaded that the mission be kept as a memorial to her husband but it was torn down with all the other buildings. The agency now called Lapwai is four miles distant. The site of Spalding's endeavors is now Spaldings State Park. This includes the little cemetery where the remains of Eliza Spalding were brought to lie beside her husband. Perhaps no other white person has ever become so endeared to the hearts of the Nez Perce, or has lived so long in their memories as Eliza Spalding.

The Mission of the Sacred Heart, more often called Cataldo Mission, is located a mile west of the village of Cataldo in northern Idaho. It was the area's first Catholic mission and is the oldest building in the state now standing. A temporary mission was established in 1843 on the St. Joe River but the place was flooded by high water and found to be unsuitable. In 1846 Father Joseph Joset moved a hundred Coeur d'Alene Indian families to a site near the head of navigation on the Coeur d'Alene River. A structure of bark was hastily thrown up and used until the present building was completed. The mission was designed by Father Anthony Ravalli and work was begun in 1848. It was finished in 1853.

Father Ravalli was born in Italy and evidently had architectural training, for the mission facade, perfect in detail, shows both Greek Revival and English Renaissance influence. This is very unusual as it was built for the Indians in what was then a vast wilderness hundreds of miles from even the outposts of civilization. The result is all the more remarkable when one considers the crude tools with which the work was accomplished—a saw, hammer, auger, rope, pulley and penknife.

Timbers were whipsawed or shaped with the broad-axe. The heavy frames were erected by rope and pulley; they were held in place by wooden pegs whittled with the penknife. There was not a nail in the building. Holes were bored every few inches in the sides of the vertical timbers and willows about ½" in diameter were placed horizontally, like laths, in the holes.

Long slough grass that grew beside the river was hung over the willows, and the outside covered with a thick layer of mud which hardened in the sun. The front steps and the floor were of heavy hewn timbers; small square window panes were brought from the East by pack train. Many of the paintings are said to have come from Europe. In 1865 the interior was lined with clapboards.

Under the supervision of Father Ravalli, the building was done by Coeur d'Alene Indians. From as far as a mile and a half they brought the timbers on carts with block wheels which they pulled themselves. Everyone worked. Even the children helped with the lighter tasks. No one received any pay but worked for the "honor and glory of God." For good work they were rewarded with one bowl of hot mush per day. If anyone misbehaved he was punished by not being permitted to work on the church. This was considered severe chastisement and was very effective.

Besides the church they built a dwelling for the priests, a bakery, a horse-powered grist mill, and a stable.

For more than twenty-five years the mission was not only a place of worship for the Indians, their "House of the Great Spirit," but a hospice for weary travelers. Captain John Mullan, builder of the first wagon road from Fort Benton in Montana to Walla Walla in Washington, called it the "St. Bernard of the Coeur d'Alenes." By day or by night it extended a welcome to explorers and prospectors, freighters and packers, hunters and trappers, anyone in need of rest and shelter.

Then in 1877 the government set the boundaries of the Indian reservation, and the mission grounds were excluded. Three years later, Indians and their priests sadly said goodby to their home and moved to DeSmet, forty-five miles away. The mission fell into a state of disrepair; almost a half-century passed before people began to realize its historic value. In 1926 $12,000 was raised for its restoration. The roof was shingled and siding put over the mud walls to preserve them, but a place in the back was left open so that visitors might see how the old church was made. Hand prints of the Indians can still be seen in the dried mud. The grist mill, the bakery, and the stable are gone.

The church is a tourist attraction and a small fee is charged for maintenance. Services are held occasionally, and once each year—in August—many of the Indians from DeSmet, descendants of those who built the church, make a pilgrimage to it. The well attended service is open to the public and is of interest to both Catholics and non-Catholics.

Another Idaho church of historical interest is Coeur d'Alene's Little Red Chapel, built in 1878. It stands on what is still known as the "Fort Grounds," though Fort Sherman was abandoned over fifty years ago.

In 1877 Fort Coeur d'Alene was established on the site of an Indian village that had been there no one knows how long. The 16th Infantry was stationed there and Lieutenant Colonel Henry Clay Merriam was in command during most of its activation. The fort was ideally situated for it commanded an excellent view of Lake Coeur d'Alene and the Mullan Road. Its name was changed to Fort Sherman when General William Tecumseh Sherman made a visit and bestowed praise upon it.

The fort was established partly for protection, for when the Mullan Road was being built the Indians, rightly believing that the white man was coming to dispossess them of their lands, grew restless. In some cases their friendship toward the whites cooled. But the Coeur d'Alenes never gave much trouble. They were subdued, not by guns but by their Black Robes and their church.

The chapel is one of the few buildings which were once part of the fort to stand on the original site. The pulpit and the cross before the altar are the same as when the soldiers were there. The chapel was and still is nondenominational. It was the custom for Mass to be said early and followed by Protestant services. First pastors were Chaplain MacComber and the Reverand Toussaint Nesplie. The chapel also was used for weddings and funerals. Before there was a school in the village that grew up about the fort, classes were held in the chapel. Quite a number of Coeur d'Alene's first children received instruction there.

In 1897 the 16th Infantry left for the Philippines and in 1901 the fort was abandoned. The property was sold at auction. Bodies of servicemen buried there were exhumed and taken to Fort George Wright in Washington. The burial ground became a city park.

After changing hands several times the chapel was purchased by the Athletic Round Table. It has been used at different times by various religious groups, some of whom have made needed repairs. It has received a coat of red paint, has been reroofed, and the grounds have been landscaped. Occasionally a wedding is performed there. For years it has been the hope of some that the chapel might be turned into a museum but so far there has not been enough backing to make that a reality.

The 1831 Indian delegation to St. Louis to ask for help in establishing the Christian religion was followed by others. Some were Flatheads probably influenced by Ignace. In answer to their call Father DeSmet crossed the mountains and came into what is now Montana on July 23, 1840. On the following day he offered the Mass of Thanksgiving surrounded by the Flatheads who had come to meet him, and they chanted canticles of praise. This was Montana's first Mass and took place not far from Red Rock Lake.

After spending a month with the Flatheads, Father DeSmet returned to St. Louis but promised to come back to them. A little over a year later he made good his word. He arrived in the Bitterroot Valley with three other priests, three lay brothers, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a tinner and handyman, and apparently three others.

Soon the priests and their lay helpers were at work building a mission. The first building was 25' by 35', made of cottonwood logs and chinked with mud. The roof was of lodge poles interwoven with branches and covered with mud. Later the building was enlarged, several smaller buildings were put up, and the whole fenced with lodge poles to keep out four-footed and two-footed enemies. At first there were no seats. The Indians squatted on the floors. The first windows were deerskin, scraped thin to let in a little light. Some time later glass windows, cedar shingles, bell and belfry were added to improve the looks and usefulness of the mission. The church was named St. Mary's and is Montana's oldest.

In the spring of 1842 the Indians fenced, plowed and sowed a fair-sized plot of ground. This was the beginning of agriculture in Montana. From Fort Colville, in what is now Washington, cattle were purchased and brought to the mission farm—the beginning of cattle raising in Montana.

Father Ravalli arrived from Italy in 1845. He brought with him two small burrstones from Belgium. They were fifteen inches in diameter, and operated by water power. Montana's first mill was soon grinding the mission's wheat into flour. Soon after came the first sawmill. The saw was made of a wagon tire flattened out to form a blade, the teeth chisled in and then filed sharp.

Because of some difficulties, not clear at this late date, the mission was closed in 1850. The property was leased to Major John Owen, who built Fort Owen, a landmark to the north of the mission. In 1866 the priests returned, repaired the church and other buildings, and built Montana's first pharmacy (which still stands).

In 1872 a treaty was drawn up by the

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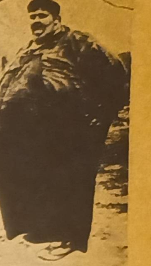

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government and signed by some of the Indians, who agreed to move to the reservation on the Jocko River to the north. But Chief Charlot and 200 of his followers resisted. Charlot seems to have been so well liked that the militia was not used against him. A more subtle way was chosen to force him into submission. The buffaloes were killed off and food of any kind became desperately scarce. The Indians were hungry, terribly hungry. On the reservation there was meat.

At last came the day when Charlot, with his people and the whites who had charge of Indian affairs, stood near the old mission. He looked out over the valley he loved. A wave of defiance came over him. He threw back his head. "These are the lands of my fathers. Here they lived and here they are buried. I cannot sign them away." Then he looked around at the starving women and children. He bowed his head. "I will sign."

Bethany Hall, the first church in Sheridan, Montana, is the oldest building in Montana in continuous use for Protestant services.

St. Mary's Church was no longer an Indian mission, but it served the white people of the valley until 1954 when a new church was built. The old church is still there and draws many visitors.

An interesting legend is attached to it. At the time the first part of the church was built in 1841, Chief Big Face is reported to have said, "It is the place where little Mary said the House of Prayer will be built." According to the legend, several years before the coming of the priests a thirteen-year-old girl Mary (named probably by Ignace) lay dying. She had requested baptism and it was given by one of the Iroquois Catholic converts who had become a member of her tribe. The baptism brought her much comfort and she had a vision in which the Virgin Mary called to her. The girl then told those about her that the Black Robes were coming and would build a House of Prayer on the spot where she was lying. She asked that the people listen to the Black Robes and do whatever they said.

The legend so impressed the missionaries that they made a reproduction of the incident, as they envisioned it, on canvas. A copy of this painting may still be seen in the old church.

In about 1864 the Jesuits built a church in Frenchtown, forty miles northeast of St. Mary's mission. About this structure there seems to be little available information but it was probably built as an Indian mission, as there were few white people in the area at that time. This temporary building was replaced in 1884 by the present church built near the site of the first. Even then Montana was largely frontier. The many fine carvings that beautify the interior were done by a local artist using local materials. The hand-carved wooden baptismal font remains but a newer one is in use.

THE first Protestant sermon preached in Montana was in the mining camp of Bannack in 1864 by a local Methodist preacher named Craig. It was a number of years before a church was built; in fact, not until the coming of the Reverend W. W. Van Orsdel, the beloved "Brother Van," Montana's most famous pioneer preacher. His first Montana sermon was preached in a saloon in Fort Benton and he rode horseback thousands of miles over hills and prairie carrying the gospel to cowboys and miners, townspeople and lonely ranchers. No one was too high or too low for Brother Van, and he won the respect of all. The old frame church in the ghost town of Bannack stands as a memorial to him for it was under his leadership that it was built to serve the frontier town. Every summer the church is opened up and services are held. In 1962 when the centennial of the Bannack gold strike was celebrated, over 7,000 people flocked from all over the state to take part. Pioneer events were reenacted, but none was held during the church hour so that as many as could find room in and around the old church could attend.

In the summer of 1863 Virginia City brawled and sprawled down Alder Gulch in the wake of the Fairfeather gold strike there. Seven days a week there was the sound of saws and hammers as dwellings took shape to shelter the ten thousand people who had rushed in over the rough trails. Men drank, danced, fought, sometimes killed—and always they talked and dreamed about gold.

Yet in the midst of all that fever of excitement were some who realized the need of more than gold. A few Methodists met to discuss the possibilities of a church. In June of 1864 William James of Boise came and preached at Junction City, four miles down the canyon from Virginia City. A small temporary chapel was built for Sunday School and church services. Hugh Duncan preached the first sermon there.

By November the Methodists had built a church in Virginia City and by December a parsonage was finished. The buildings were of logs, with dirt roofs which leaked when it rained. The church was large enough to accommodate 200 people and in two months was too small. Thomas Dimsdale, teacher, writer and editor of Montana's first newspaper, records that this was Montana's first Protestant edifice.

In 1867 the leaky structure was sold for a stable, and new building was started under the able supervision of Reverend James King. Work progressed rapidly and the church was nearing completion when King and his wife disappeared and were never seen or heard of again. At that time in Montana it was not too unusual for people to disappear, leaving no sign. Robberies were common and it was assumed that many were robbed, murdered, and buried where their bodies were never found.

Discouraged by the loss of their leader and the size of the church debt, the Methodists sold their property to the Episcopalians. The latter had apparently organized in 1864 but had not acquired church property. Dimsdale was the organizer and Bishop Tuttle was the first pastor. This church was built on the same site. In the earthquake of 1959 St. Pauls's was considerably damaged but has been repaired. Members of this church like to recall that they date back to Dimsdale, probably the best known and best liked of Virginia City's early citizens. The Methodists later built another church.

As the population of Virginia City dwindled, that of the Ruby Valley below Alder Gulch increased. Pierre Baptiste Laurin, a rancher who made a fortune in livestock and poultry, built the Catholic church in the small town that bears his name, and presented it as a gift to the people of his faith.

In Sheridan, about ten miles below Virginia City, the Methodists built a frame church in the seventies. This was another of Brother Van's churches although Reverend Van Anda, Hugh Duncan, and others had a part in establishing it. It served a large area until 1904 when a brick church was built. It then became known as Bethany Hall and has been used as a social hall and for Sunday School classes since. This makes it the oldest building in the state in continuous use for Protestant services.

These are but a few of the old historic churches of the Northwest, monuments to the faith, courage and abilities of these who brought Sunday not only across the Mississippi but all the way to Old Oregon.

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Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 67)

Osage Mission

In the Spring 1971 issue I read a letter from Mrs. D. V. Bateman, Goodsprings, Nevada, inquiring about the Osage Mission in Kansas. As I was born there and am interested in the local history, I wrote her about it; however, the letter was returned as she had moved. I hope you can publish this brief history of Osage Mission as it may be of interest to her and other people.

Osage Mission, Kansas was started in 1846 by Father Peter De Smet, S. J., a pioneer Jesuit who had founded many missions, mostly west of the Mississippi River. The Osage Indians had been granted a strip of land fifty miles wide and seventy-five miles long beginning twenty-five miles west of the Missouri line and bordered on the south by the Indian Territory. The Osages moved to this strip of land after their land in Missouri had been taken over by settlers in 1825. They lived in bark covered huts along the Neosho River. There was plenty of wild game to be found and they grew vegetables and corn. By 1846 when the mission was started many of the tribe had died from the ravages of scarlet fever. In 1848 a school was started for Indian children, taught by Sisters of Loretto; Father Paul Ponziglione, S. J., was in charge. He was the son of an Italian nobleman, and when he died was buried in the mission cemetery.

During the Civil War when nearly everything in eastern Kansas was laid to waste by southern guerrillas from Missouri, the mission and its property was spared. During the war the Indians had divided loyalties between the Union and the South. Some were influenced by the Southerners who maintained the trading post, and the priest who tried to influence them on the side of the Union.

The mission was about forty miles southwest of Fort Scott, which was the only fort in the area.

In 1865 at Canville Trading Post a treaty was made between the government and the Indians whereby they relinquished thirty square miles from the eastern part of their reservation. This land was sold to white settlers for $1.25 per acre. They moved to the western half of the reservation but they were to be pushed farther in the summer of 1866, when they went west along the Arkansas River to hunt antelope and the remainder of the once-plentiful buffaloes. When they returned in the fall to their huts they found their houses burned and much of their land taken over by more settlers. They reluctantly agreed to move south of the Indian Territory border to what is now Kay County, Oklahoma. By then their tribe had dwindled to a few thousand.

The town of Osage Mission was incorporated in 1867 and the name was changed to St. Paul in 1895. The original school continued until it burned down in 1891. This was the only school in the area and many of the white children attended the school as boarders. My grandmother, Mary Mulholland Dowling, attended the school as a boarder in 1869-1870.

The town of St. Paul, in its heyday, had about 600 population and was a thriving town with the Santa Fe and M.K. & T. Railroads. A rich farming community, today the town has about 300 people. Many of the old houses have been replaced with modern ranch style homes and several new rest homes. The Neosho River where the Indians had their bark houses is now a bird refuge operated by the state. St. Paul is in Neosho County about forty miles southwest of Fort Scott on State Highway 57.—Don M. Dowling, 1123 Liberty Street, El Cerrito, California 94530

General Patton

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who was training in General Patton's outfit here in the California desert. I am most interested in obtaining a layout of the hospital location, the kitchen and shower facilities and motor pools, etc.—Mrs. Francis Yoakum, 3662 North Ardilla Avenue, Baldwin Park, California 91706

Morgan-Savage

I enjoyed reading "Backsliders and Brush Arbors" by G. L. Savage in the Spring 1972 issue. Also, I enjoy stories about Morgan's raids. If anyone has any that they are through reading, I would like to have them.

My great-grandfathers were Jacob Morgan who married Allie Reed, and Wiseman Tracy Savage. I would like to hear from any of their descendants. I will answer all letters.—Mrs. Fred (Morgan) Taylor, Route 4, Marlow, Oklahoma 73055

Drannan

I read with interest the book bonus special "Frontier Legend" by W. N. Bate. One morning last summer, a bunch of us fellows were sitting around the table at work, just chewing the fat before going to work, when in walks this buddy of mine and hands me a book. You guessed it, it was a book written about William F. Drannan, the title being "Chief of Scouts Piloting Emigrants Across The Plains of 50 Years Ago."

Seems as how my buddy was over visiting friends of his the night before, and they were going to consign the book to the fireplace. It didn't take much talking to change their minds when he told them he had a friend down at work who might like to have it.

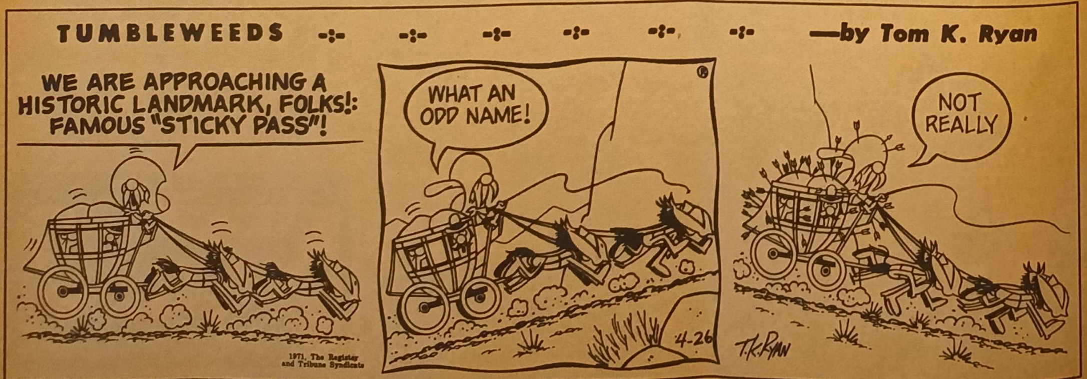
Here was a book I thought at the time that would really be of interest to me, and I could hardly wait to get home, grab a cup of coffee, plunk myself in an easy chair and start to read. Well I'll tell you, that cup of coffee of mine didn't get cold like it usually does when I'm reading TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES. In fact, I had two or three cups of coffee and I still couldn't get interested in the book. I'd lay it down for a while, then pick it up and read a few more pages.

"Is it a good book?" asked my wife when she came in the room. I gave her a rather wry look, laid down the book and haven't looked at it until I read the OLD WEST story about Drannan. This copy was entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1910, by the Rhodes & McClure Publishing Company, in the Office of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

It was originally purchased by Clarence Clarno of North Plains, Oregon and was bought from the Great Northern Railway Company News Service for $1.50.

Well, Joe, guess I'll cut it off here, and get back to Drannan's book. After reading about him in OLD WEST, my interest has perked up somewhat to where maybe I'll finish it. He was a sly old devil, wasn't he? Would have liked to have met him myself and listen to him spin his tall yarns about how the Old West used to be.—A. R. Leichner, 121 S. E. 199th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97233

TUMBLEWEEDS —by Tom K. Ryan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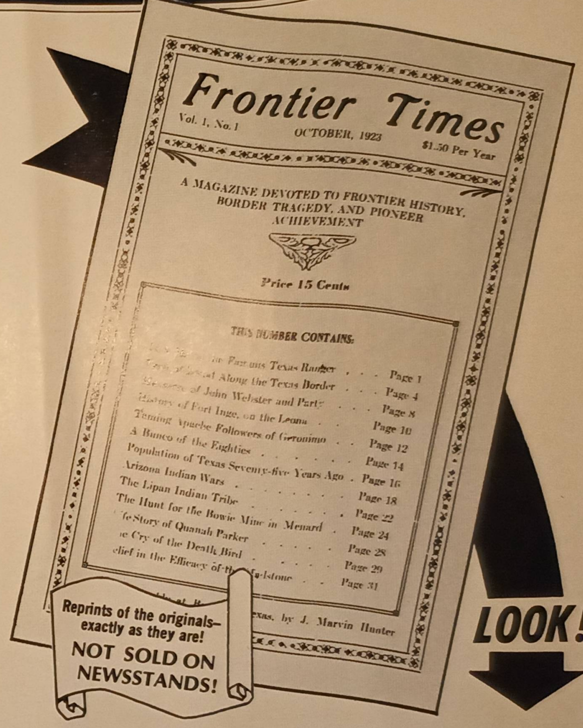

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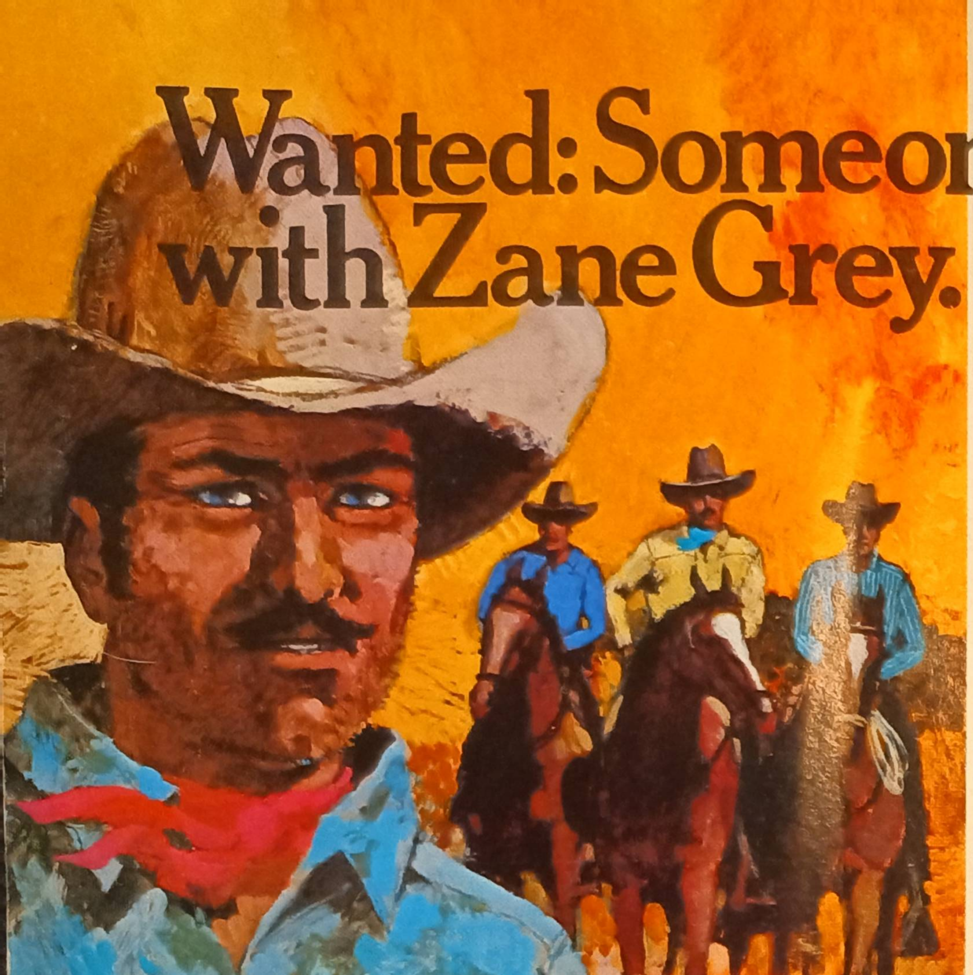

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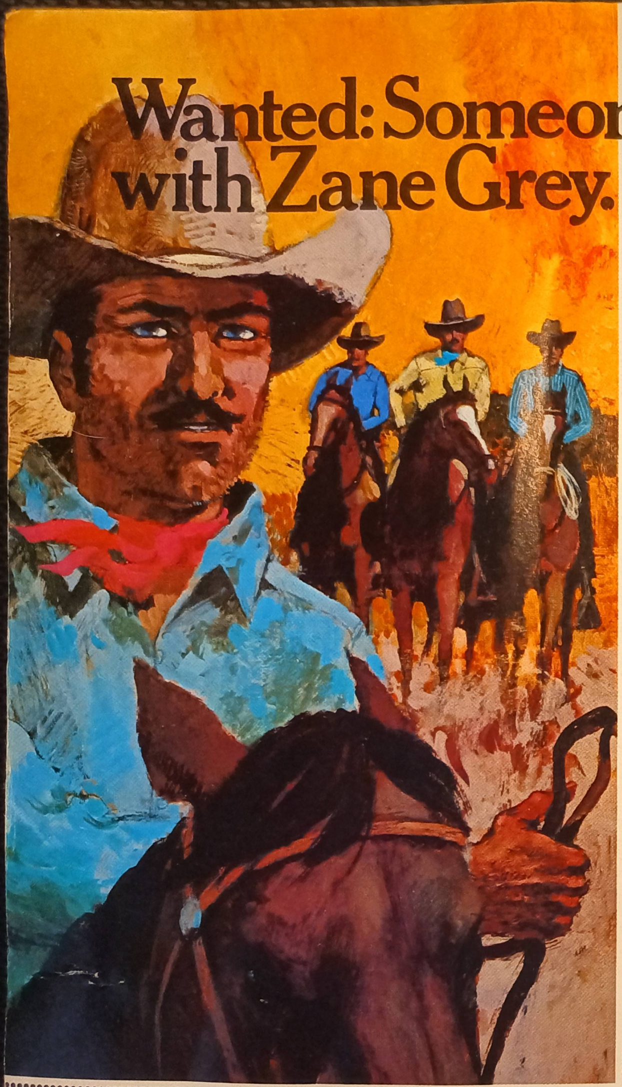

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